

Saskatchewan HISTORY

★ Our
Pioneers
Say:—

BY

EVELYN EAGER

★ Storm Clouds
Over Regina

BY

M. CLEMENTS



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Our Pioneers Say:—

PIONEERS are sometimes regarded as only those who came in ahead of the railway. Everyday usage of the term is somewhat more careless, however, and does not set definite restrictions. It is in this less restricted sense that the term was used in the questionnaire "Pioneer Experiences: A General Questionnaire" prepared and distributed by the Saskatchewan Archives Board a year ago. Similarly, it is in this sense that the term is used here, in presenting some account of pioneer life as seen through the completed questionnaires. This is no attempt to give a comprehensive picture of life in the early days, or to analyze or draw conclusions regarding early settlement and pioneer life. It is merely a sampling of questionnaire answers, an attempt to pass on to the reader something of the flavour of early days from the experiences recorded by our pioneers. And as pioneers we include any who came to their respective communities in the early years of its existence, and thus assisted in its founding and early development.

Contrast and similarity are both strikingly evident in questionnaire answers. The essentials of pioneer living, the first beginnings, dangers and hardships, ingenuities resorted to, are reflected from one community to another, show up in communities settled during different periods, and from one part of the province to another. Details and circumstances vary, but the basic ingredients of pioneer living parallel one another from questionnaire to questionnaire. In other matters, answers range from one extreme to another. Such was the case in the attitude shown by friends and relatives towards the idea of coming west. Some "thought we were insane and daily expected to hear of our massacre,"¹ others visualized their friends as entering a magical land of golden wheat sheaves, the land "flowing with milk and honey" of immigration literature. Others were more moderate in their encouragement or discouragement, thinking that it provided a good opportunity, or sorrowful that it was so far away from home. One father warned that "we would find we would pay very dearly for our land, it would not be free," and, his daughter admits, "He was right."² Another parent who put forth the adage that "A rolling stone gathers no moss," received in reply the retort that "A setting hen never gets fat," and the young couple "landed in Dundurn, Sask."³

Equally at variance was the attitude of the newcomers themselves towards the country, and their intention as to permanent settlement. Many came to stay. Others did not know, and were simply "giving it a try," while some intended to make fortunes from a few harvests and retire in triumph to their former homes. "Anyone who came in the early days had to stay, they had no money to go out with,"⁴ was a feeling commonly expressed. Some, nevertheless, did leave within a few years, others wished they could, but "by the time we could buy a ticket we had got used to it, and did not wish to leave our log shacks and sod dwellings."⁵ Others, regarding it as their new home and with no thought of leaving, endured

Note: The dates after names in the footnotes indicate the date the person came to Saskatchewan, or the date their parents came, if the writer is telling of the parents' experiences.

¹ Mrs. Annetta Folley, Dubuc. 1886.

² Mrs. J. E. Olmstead, Robsart. 1910.

³ Mrs. Burnice N. Booker, Bradwell. 1910.

⁴ Mr. Charles Davis, Whitewood. 1882.

⁵ Mr. Fred Baines, Saltcoats. 1883.

existing hardships and overcame difficulties in the hope and prospect of more favourable days to follow.

But Mr. H. F. Copeland, coming from London, England, in 1910, speaks for those who loved the raw prairie as it was then, and delighted in every phase of it. He recounts:

When I went to school, on my way home every day I stopped to look at a big coloured poster of a wheat field in stook. On it was printed '160 acres land free.' I made up my mind, 'That's what I want,' and I got all the pamphlets on it and read all about it. When I left school I was apprenticed to electrical engineering, but after eighteen months I broke my contract. I really got heck when I went home and told them. The result was I left home, worked in a hotel and saved my money and sailed in March on the Allan liner 'Corsican.' I arrived in Winnipeg with thirty cents which I spent on some pork and beans and coffee. I went to work on a farm south of Boissevain for \$10.00 a month. After two years I went to Saskatchewan for a homestead.

Everyone was happy. We didn't have a care in the world. Our one aim was to get the land broke. My first crop was burnt to the ground and I went to work in the bush at Big River to get money for seed for the next year. It was a great disappointment as it was the new Marquis wheat and all the work was done with oxen.

I liked it from the start, but when I came back after five years overseas and saw roads made and all fenced in I thought it was spoilt. The old days with miles and miles of wild hay was what I liked . . . and the wine-like air after a rain. It was a beautiful country before it was all broken up. But you can't stop progress, can you.⁶

Others, like Mr. Copeland, were influenced by immigration advertising of the railroads or the government. "I learned about the west through government information," says Mr. J. M. Allan, "which painted Canada as a veritable garden of Eden, and told us we didn't need any agricultural experience. We had only to scratch the rich virgin soil to ensure good results."⁷ After the first few years of settlement, many came because of some personal contact—a friend or relative who had already settled in the new land wrote encouragingly, or through a visit home influenced others to come. During the Boer war some learned of Canada through contact with Canadian troops. Pioneer ministers encouraged people to come, as the Rev. James Robertson or the Rev. James Bryant, who was interested in the settlement of the Stoney Creek district around Melfort. Enthusiasts in the old countries, such as the Rev. Barr and Rev. Lloyd, organized parties. Thus prospective settlers learned of the country, often inaccurately, in many and varied ways. And for various reasons—desire for land, adventure, health, better opportunity, they came to the new country.

Some of those whose trip commenced with an ocean voyage found the crossing an enjoyable experience, while for others it was less pleasant. "The voyage was wonderful—the sea like a mill-pond—and I never missed a meal on board," reports Mrs. F. W. Wood who came from England in 1910.⁸ Mr. J. M. Allan,

⁶ Mr. Henry F. Copeland, Notch Hill, B.C. 1910.

⁷ Mr. John M. Allan, Battleford. 1906.

⁸ Mrs. F. W. Wood, Saskatoon. 1910.

coming from Scotland in 1906 explains that they "were packed in the old ship (Corinthian) like herring in a barrel."⁹ Mr. Joseph Mohl, coming from Austria to Saskatchewan in 1908, travelled on the Danube steam boat from Vienna to Passau, by train to Mainz, on the Rhine boat to Cologne, train to Hook Van Holland, channel boat to Harwick, on the train again to Liverpool and by boat to Montreal.¹⁰ For those who came on cattle boats it was an interval of poor food and primitive conditions.

Nor was train travel without discomforts. Many recall the old colonist cars, with their seats of wooden slats, over which bedding was spread for the night. Mr. de Balinhard recalls the train getting stuck in a snow storm in 1882, with passengers having nothing to eat for three days.¹¹ The Hunt family came from Glengarry County, Ontario, to Moosomin in 1883, the father having taken up a homestead there the year before. They spent eight days on the colonist train, made up of cars of settlers' effects with two coaches at the end for crew and passengers, with, as the father described it, the train moving on "when the railway had nothing else to do."¹² Having arrived at Moosomin, the railway would not allow the car to be sidetracked for his father to remove their goods, so Mr. Hunt had to go on to Broadview and have his belongings shipped back to White-wood for unloading. From there he took the livestock to the homestead, and came back to Moosomin with the team and wagon to pick up the family, who had remained in the station until some Moosomin residents took them to their home. Mr. Albert Andrew recalls an incident in which two boys on their train were almost left behind at a siding. It was the custom when the train stopped at sidings to get out and gather up sticks and small pieces of wood for fuel in the stoves used for cooking in the train coaches. Two boys who were out on this errand, intent on crossing a nearby track, suddenly realized an oncoming train was bearing down upon them, and leaping to the far side, were cut off from their own train, which at this point began to move away. Running the length of the other train, they hoped to reach the end of it in time to catch their own. In the meantime, some of their fellow travellers reported the situation to the conductor, who stopped the train to pick up the boys, scared and out of breath after their run.¹³

Mr. H. J. Andal, who was born in Norway but had lived in Wisconsin for three years, in coming to Saskatchewan in November, 1911, was intrigued by inquiries from a man from New Mexico. When the latter was in Mr. Andal's car of settlers' effects one day, he was curious about the sleighs he saw there, not knowing what they were, and asking what they were used for. "I don't know how he liked our Saskatchewan winters!"¹⁴ concluded Mr. Andal. In 1898 men headed for the Klondyke gold rush mingled on the trains and boats with settlers for the prairie west. One train traveller, who imbibed freely, is remembered for his entertainment of passengers and onlookers alike by parading at all stops and singing

⁹ Mr. John M. Allan, Battleford. 1906.

¹⁰ Mr. Joseph G. Mohl, Edenwold. 1908.

¹¹ Mr. Wm. S. de Balinhard, Yorkton. 1882.

¹² Mr. Andrew C. Hunt, Moosomin. 1883.

¹³ Mr. Albert Andrew, Zelma. 1906.

¹⁴ Mr. Henry J. Andal, Spooner. 1911.

with great gusto, a favourite song being "When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there."¹⁵

Many are the vivid recollections of the first taste of pioneer experiences upon arrival. When the Davis' arrived in Whitewood in September, 1882, there was not a building in the town—the men lived in a box car off the track and the ladies in a tent.¹⁶ Others had only tents, and the Barr Colonists were not the only newcomers who experienced western snow with only that inadequate protection. When the Allan and Smith families arrived in Battleford in April of 1906, they found all three of the hotels full. Some gentleman gave up his room for the ladies, and the five men and boys of the party were provided with a bed in a narrow passage, on which they had to lie crosswise, with their feet up on the wall and people passing under their legs all night. The next day they bought tents.¹⁷ Some lived in a granary upon arrival, stayed with relatives or former countrymen who took them in. Floods in the spring of 1904 added to the difficulties—there was a washout at Lumsden, tracks were covered with water and trains held up. The bridge at Saskatoon was out, and Mr. J. C. Wilson tells of being taken to the immigration hall there by boat, and having to remain ten days because of bad roads.¹⁸

Repeated over and over again is the story of the trip to the homestead by horses or oxen from the end of steel. There were ravines and creeks to cross, with no roads to follow, mire holes to be avoided, cold and snow, or the oxen running into bushes to get away from the mosquitoes. Mr. A. F. Remach tells of his first impressions upon arriving from Belgium in March of 1914.

The day of our arrival here is the one experience that I remember most vividly. In the snow up to our knees, travelling nine miles on a sleigh drawn by two poor old horses, through a desolate looking country in which all we could see was bush and sloughs and only passing one small bachelor's shack in all that distance was a pretty discouraging experience to people coming from a big city.¹⁹

Mrs. M. E. Long, who came from Brandon to the Moose Mountain area by wagon, horses and oxen in 1882, reports that she walked so much on the way that the new shoes she bought at Brandon were worn out upon arrival.²⁰ Her difficulties were further added to when a blizzard struck on May 21st, and as they had no wood near, had to twist grass to burn. And there were also the little dramas on the way. Mrs. W. D. Dowling, who spent two weeks travelling with oxen and wagon from Qu'Appelle to Fish Creek, following the Qu'Appelle to Prince Albert mail train, and sleeping on the ground at night, tells of one place on the way where she and her husband stopped. "I went into a house and met a woman who was feeling badly because she had lost her only darning needle. Having several in my bag, I gave her two, and I'll never forget her gratitude."²¹

¹⁵ Related by Mr. R. E. Ludlow, Assiniboia. 1905.

¹⁶ Mr. Charles Davis, Whitewood. 1882.

¹⁷ Mr. John M. Allan, Battleford, 1906.

¹⁸ Mr. Joseph C. Wilson, Vancouver, B.C. 1904.

¹⁹ Mr. Albert F. Remach, Lestock. 1914.

²⁰ Mrs. M. E. Long, Carlyle. 1882.

²¹ Mrs. Wm. Dowling, MacDowall. 1888.

Nor were humans alone in experiencing pioneer travelling. Mr. W. J. Boyle, bringing his horses in a train from Ontario to Hawarden in 1909, took advantage of a full day stop at Moose Jaw to have his car shunted to the stockyards and unload his horses for the day. "They were glad to get out after being cramped up so long."²² Mr. Orton tells of the 150 mile trip from Saskatoon to Cut Knife in 1904, driving two cows and three calves in hot June weather, with the calves going into every pond they came to.²³ The Hislop family arrived at Moosomin in April of 1883 with two horses, four cows, three sheep, one little white sow, one dog, one cat, eleven hens and one rooster. Relatives met them with oxen and sleighs to take them to Moose Mountain. The sow was loaded into one of the sleighs, but after half a mile broke out and made the rest of the trip walking with the cows behind the sleighs. The party camped out at night, shovelling snow away for a space to set up the tent. The cat, keenly aware of its own best interests, rode in the drum of the fanning mill during the day, deserted it for the tent at night, but returned to this retreat when the tent was taken down in the morning.²⁴ A small daughter in the Wilson family brought her pet kitten with her on the train, and at stops en route it performed to appreciative audiences from behind the train windows.²⁵ Canaries were likewise numbered among the immigrants. Mrs. Esther M. Goldsmith, coming from Brandon in 1884, saw a bird cage swept up out of a woman's hands in the scramble for the train,²⁶ while Mrs. Ella Garvin tells of driving eighty-five miles northward from Broadview behind a team of mules, with a canary in a cage on her lap.²⁷ When Mr. Groshong came to Ambrose to meet his wife in November of 1906, a blizzard which came up delayed them four days, during which time the animals in the barn were not fed, they had eaten all the straw and licked frost for water, and a new baby colt greeted Mr. Groshong's return to the homestead.²⁸

Those who were in the country before 1885 have vivid recollections of events connected with the Riel Rebellion. Mr. W. G. Vicars drove a transport from Fort Qu'Appelle to Clark's Crossing during the rebellion,²⁹ Mr. R. C. Sanderson was at Fish Creek and Batoche,³⁰ while Mr. R. T. Barnes, who had come in 1881, guided troops in the File Hills at the age of 18.³¹ Mrs. J. G. Geddes, living near Grenfell, tells of being frightened at that time by Indians peeking in the windows. All the men in the neighborhood were given guns, always slept with them by their beds, and had to go to town to practice shooting. Women and children were packed up ready to go back to Ontario,³² and Mr. Davis reports that "there was a train made up for weeks, night or day, ready to take the settlers from Broadview and East if the Indians started trouble in 1885."³³ It was the Indians on the reserve a few miles north of Whitewood that caused concern in this area, and

²² Mr. William J. Boyle, Hawarden. 1909.

²³ Mr. Arthur Orton, Cut Knife. 1904.

²⁴ Mr. William T. Hislop, Arcola. 1883.

²⁵ Mr. Thomas C. Wilson, Regina. 1889.

²⁶ Mrs. Esther M. Goldsmith, Hoosier. 1884.

²⁷ Mrs. Ella Garvin, Canora. 1886.

²⁸ Mrs. Margaret A. Groshong, Oungre. 1906.

²⁹ Mr. William G. Vicars, Fort Qu'Appelle. 1882.

³⁰ Mr. R. C. Sanderson, San Diego, Cal. 1882.

³¹ Mr. R. T. Barnes, Barnes Crossing. 1881.

³² Mrs. J. Geddes, Grenfell. 1882.

³³ Mr. Charles Davis, Whitewood. 1882.

Mr. Davis gives to the minister on the reserve, the Rev. Hugh McKay, the credit for keeping these Indians from war.

Aside even from the very real danger at the time of the rebellion, one can sympathize with the fear of Indians which the earliest settlers felt. Some were faced with a band of Indians when they stepped off the train, others met them in native dress or had to pass by their teepees on the way to the homestead. Mrs. Annetta Folley of Dubuc tells of the Indians stealing herself and her sister in 1886, when they were still very unfriendly as a result of the rebellion, and of being rescued by neighbors.³⁴

But most of the "Indian tales" are of helpfulness and honesty. Mr. Baines tells that his "first sight of North American Indians was at the ferry crossing the Qu'Appelle River. A tall, blanketed moccassined representative carrying the inevitable muzzle loader met us, and upon payment of the usual fee, ourselves, wagons and belongings were ferried across the stream."³⁵ That was in 1883, and Mr. Baines reports that he saw more Indians than whites during his first three years here. Mr. Kinash, from Austria in 1902, recalls being taken home by Indians once when he was lost.³⁶ Mr. J. L. Wegren came to look upon the Indians living on the Sioux Reserve, west of Dundurn, as personal friends, when they worked for him, picking rock and threshing.³⁷ Mrs. Sarah Winteringham, living close to the Moose Mountain Reservation, speaks of them being "always hungry, and always begging for food and clothes,"³⁸ and Mrs. Emma MacDougall remembers them bringing berries in small wooden pails to exchange for butter and other commodities, especially lard.³⁹

A daughter born in the west tells of her mother's impressions.

I have heard my mother say that before coming to Canada she was terrified of the Indians. Her second winter in Indian Head there was a tent with two hundred Indians in it across the street from the Liggett shanty. During the winter a lot of those Indians starved to death. Yet they never took anything from the few white inhabitants. The Indians were so much in the majority that they could have killed all the whites and taken their stores of food. When the rebellion broke out in 1885, my mother was not frightened of the Indians in spite of all the stories of atrocity. At that time every white man in Indian Head was away at the rebellion and the women and children were alone, but even that did not frighten her.⁴⁰

Mr. de Balinhard, who did freighting in the early days, said that if the roads were too muddy, they unloaded some of the provisions and left them in the trees so the animals could not get them. The Indians did not steal them, he reported. If they were very hungry, they would take a small piece of bacon and leave the rest.⁴¹

But for all, those who had Indians as neighbors or those who came somewhat later, it was a pioneer life, with its hardships and its wants, but not without its

³⁴ Mrs. Annetta Folley, Dubuc. 1886.

³⁵ Mr. Fred Baines, Saltcoats. 1883.

³⁶ Mr. Harry Kinash, Edam. 1902.

³⁷ Mr. Joseph L. Wegren, Bradwell. 1904.

³⁸ Mrs. Sarah Winteringham, Carlyle. 1888.

³⁹ Mrs. Emma A. MacDougall, Kisebey. 1889.

⁴⁰ Recounted by Miss Margaret Liggett, Regina, whose parents came west in 1882.

⁴¹ Mr. Wm. S. de Balinhard, Yorkton. 1882.



Behind the plow is Mr. David H. Maginnes, of Baldwinton, who came to Saskatchewan in 1906, with his parents, and their first sod shack in the background. The damage to the picture, obscuring part of the heads of the oxen and horses, is explained by a note written on the back: "Roofs didn't always keep the water out." The original of this picture has been presented to the Saskatchewan Archives by Mr. Maginnes.

compensations. For the Brackenburys, who came to Cut Knife in June of 1904, troubles started early. They lost all their cattle the first night, and searched two weeks before they found them. Their tent was burned with all their clothes, and they made a shelter from binder canvases until they got another tent.⁴² Each newcomer erected some sort of dwelling as soon as possible, usually of sod on the prairies, logs in the wooded areas, or frame shacks if lumber was available, and there was money to purchase it. The Ortons had a combination. Their tent, likewise, burned while they were building, and the family then slept beside the log walls of the new house being built. They completed their log house with a sod roof, but soon learned that a three-day rain outside meant a five-day rain inside.⁴³ Mr. A. W. Mawby, who arrived in the province in 1912, learned similarly of the deficiencies of sod roofs. "I had a sod roof shanty and when it rained for several days at a time the only dry place in the shanty was under the table which had an oilcloth on, and I put sugar, flour, etc., under it to keep dry."⁴⁴ But the sod houses were warm, both in their protection from Saskatchewan winters and in the hospitality, the friendliness, the parties and good times contained within their walls.

In addition to the sod house, there was present also another symbol of pioneer days—the oxen. Although replaced by horses whenever people could afford them, these plodding creatures served well during the entire pioneer period for travel as well as for work. Mr. Davis recalls that "it was quite a treat" when one Sunday

⁴² Mr. R. T. Brackenbury, Cut Knife. 1904.

⁴³ Mr. Arthur Orton, Cut Knife. 1904.

⁴⁴ Mr. A. W. Mawby, Wallwort. 1912.

afternoon their father took the whole family twelve miles with oxen and wagon to visit friends.⁴⁵ For three years MacDougall's two oxen, "Pat" and "Barney," made the four-day trip into Moosomin for supplies. Later, a bronco and sulky was used for "quick" return trips when repairs were urgently needed, taking only twelve hours!⁴⁶ Oxen were a common means of travel to church service, and for Mrs. Goldsmith in her early days at school, even oxen were a luxury that had to give way to walking—after the first day. She recounts, "There wasn't even a prairie trail and that day my father took me, aged seven, and sister Gertrude, aged five, with the oxen and wagon, driving in posts at various places along the way to guide us in walking the two and a half miles. Five miles a day on the hoof from then on, as oxen were needed to work the land."⁴⁷

Nor was it only in the very earliest years that oxen were used. Mr. J. L. Turnquist, who arrived in 1910, hauled hay to Saskatoon with oxen. Horses were used for hauling gravel that went into the buildings in Saskatoon, and the homesteaders furnished much of the hay fed to the horses.⁴⁸ Mr. Hickey, of Bethune, who came in 1912, Mr. Haase who came to Pierceland in 1913 and Mr. Babb, who took up land near Truax in the same year, all used oxen for farm work.

Despite difficulties in transportation, parties and dances and visiting are among the happiest memories of some of the old-timers. That was not true in all cases, however. In contrast were other more isolated settlers for whom loneliness was one of the greatest hardships. Likewise, in many cases, the earliest settlers were isolated and alone, and it was only after neighbors came within a few years that the gaiety and visiting which has become one of the traditions of pioneer life was evident.

Also dependent upon primitive transportation facilities was the mail service. Some of the earliest settlers wrote to relatives at home very seldom for the very good reason that there was no way of getting the letters to them. "There was no postal service out here at that time," says Mr. Harold S. Jones, who came to Eastend in 1898, "we could only write when the opportunity rose to get them posted. The N.W.M.P. patrol from Maple Creek used to bring our letters out to us as far as the detachment. They would also post our letters for us if we were lucky enough to catch them."⁴⁹ Some did not have even a police detachment to assist them, while in other parts of the country, there was regular mail service relatively early. Mrs. MacDougall, living in "Percy Valley," north-east of the present-day Kisbey, had the advantage of a weekly service, a two-horse stage, carrying passengers, from Moosomin.⁵⁰ Mr. Baines reports "one mail a week driven by an old fellow with a mule." But he points out quite a different obstacle to letter writing. "For the first two or three years, the price of a three-cent stamp made it prohibitive."⁵¹ When Mrs. McManus wrote her husband in 1906 to tell when she would arrive, he was on a homestead about 160 miles south-west of Saskatoon, with no way of getting mail except by neighbors. As a result, Mrs.

⁴⁵ Mr. Charles Davis, Whitewood. 1882.

⁴⁶ Mrs. Emma A. MacDougall, Kisbey. 1889.

⁴⁷ Mrs. Esther M. Goldsmith, Hoosier. 1884.

⁴⁸ Mr. Joseph L. Turnquist, Wallwort. 1910.

⁴⁹ Mr. Harold S. Jones, Eastend. 1898.

⁵⁰ Mrs. Emma A. MacDougall, Kisbey. 1889.

⁵¹ Mr. Fred Baines, Saltcoats. 1883.

McManus and her two small boys waited in the immigration hall for six weeks before her husband knew that they had arrived.⁵²

Newcomers supplied various services as store-keepers, blacksmiths, teachers, post-masters, lumber yard managers, nurses and many other occupations, often combining these with farming duties. But for the great majority, farming was the sole objective. Mr. Boyle, coming from Ontario in 1909, marvelled at the ease with which the prairie sod could be broken,—“just start in and plow, where, in Ontario, it took years to get a piece of land ready.” He found water more of a problem for a time however. After digging nine wells, still without a good supply he reports that “in 1912 I went back three-quarters of a mile and witched for water and dug a well fourteen feet deep, and got a wonderful supply. Some falls during threshing it kept three steam engines going, some tankmen coming nine miles.”⁵³ The water problem did not end so fortunately for all, nor did all settlers find it so easy to “just start in and plow.” There was the problem of stones, and Mr. Evert Hawkes, who came to Caron in 1882, had to pick buffalo bones off the land before it could be broken. There was some compensation in this, however, as the bones could be sold for \$7.00 a ton.⁵⁴ Mr. F. W. Humphrey, settling around Melfort in 1906, found that in scrub country, clearing with an axe was slow, laborious work. Mosquitoes were so bad they had to wear veils. There were no bridges or culverts, and they had to ford Carrot River and every creek and slough. Beaver dams everywhere held up the water, and made the country wet and swampy.⁵⁵

Accustomed as we are to the traditional concept of a homestead on a broad stretch of prairie, it reminds us of the variation in our territory when Mrs. Mary E. Long, who settled near Carlyle in 1882, recalls that “the first few winters we used to move up in the mountain with all our stock and cattle and the men put up log cabins and we lived like a small community for the winter months, moving back to our farms for the summer.” And Mr. Jones left England in 1898, not because of the attractions of a prairie homestead, but because the idea of ranching fascinated him, and he had secured a job on a ranch near Eastend. His recollections are of round-ups and branding, and the less romantic task of dipping cattle for mange. Although this latter task may have lacked glamour, it was not without its dangers. From about 1904 to 1907, as he recalls, government regulations required all cattle to be dipped twice a year. Mr. Jones describes the process as follows:

The equipment for dipping consisted of a steam boiler, a tank to boil the mixture of lime and sulphur in, a vat in the ground about eighty feet long—the end at which the cattle entered this vat was sheet iron, the other end a slatted slope, at the top of this slope were two dripping pens each holding about a dozen head of cattle, the floors so built that the drippings ran back into the vat, one large corral that held about two hundred head, a small corral that held about a dozen with a shoot leading to the vat. There were two men, one on each side of the vat with a long pole with an iron yoke on the end of it. These men had to put the yoke over the neck of each critter as they passed through

⁵² Mrs. Margaret McManus, Madison. 1906.

⁵³ Mr. William J. Boyle, Hawarden. 1909.

⁵⁴ Mr. Evert Hawkes, Glenside. 1882.

⁵⁵ Mr. Frederick W. Humphrey, Melfort. 1906.

and duck them right under. There was also an inspector to see that the mixture was properly made and cooked and that the mixture in the vat was kept strong enough and the right temperature. The procedure was to fill the small corral out of the big one, close the gate then crowd them down the shoot. Some of the long horns would get tangled up in the narrow shoot. On several occasions we had to cut the horn to get them through. This all had to be done on foot as a horse would have got gored.

All in all it was an immense amount of risky work, some of the cattle would get on the fight and chase us out of the corral. There were many narrow escapes. The narrowest happened to my brother who was caught by a steer before he was able to climb the corral. Fortunately the steer's horns were wide enough that the points went on each side of his body and when the points hit the corral rail they were long enough that he was not crushed. He got out of it with just a slight bruise on each side of his body where the horns went past.

One steer after getting into the dripping pen saw the two men who were doing the ducking and rushed back into the vat in his effort to get at them. The vat was too narrow to turn him in and he could not get up the sheet iron at the entrance end. The only way we could get him turned around was to turn him head-over-heels with a rope. When we finally straightened him out he rushed through the dripping pen into the dipped herd and milled them as if they were being stirred with a giant spoon."⁵⁶

Prairie fires were one of the scourges of early days. Fireguards ploughed around buildings was a standard safeguard, but sometimes in the pressure of the multitude of things that had to be done first, was neglected, or perhaps a team and plough was not even available, or, again, a fierce fire might jump the guard. And even a protection to buildings was no safeguard for the precious bit of crop, or the lush prairie wool that was the only feed for livestock. Settlers let fires get away from them, carelessly thrown matches meant tragedy, or sparks from trains provided a start. Even the elements were sometimes responsible. Mrs. J. E. Olmstead remembers an electrical storm that came up about nine p.m. in the first part of June, 1910, with "lightning starting three fires in just a few minutes, east, west and north of us. We had two barrels of water on a wagon that we had hauled for the stock. The fire came too fast to use a plow. The men took sacks and blankets, dipping them in the water, my sister-in-law and I driving the team on the wagon. We worked until three o'clock in the morning, saved the grass on our place and a little on the neighbor's. We had a strip of breaking on the north that saved our buildings. The rest of the country was black. One month later our baby girl was born."⁵⁷ Mrs. George Markland, as a child of five, looked upon a fire with quite a different attitude. While her brothers were further away ploughing guards to save the new house on their father's homestead, her mother, herself and oldest brother, with whom the family had been living, fought to keep his log house and stables. "Mother packed a few valuables and we were preparing to flee, much to my delight, as I welcomed anything for a change," she reports. "The wind changed when the fire was about ten feet from the stable."⁵⁸

Many small pin-points of memory stand out against the general background of early living on the prairies; the swarms of mosquitoes in the summer, the

⁵⁶ Mr. Harold S. Jones, Eastend. 1898.

⁵⁷ Mrs. J. E. Olmstead, Robsart. 1910.

⁵⁸ Mrs. George Markland, Tantallon. 1883.

wind blowing so that one could hardly keep a hat on, washing dishes with milk because of lack of water, taking seven years to pay for the first binder, the blizzards, the "eternal stones," the loss of chickens and turkeys and even little pigs in large cracks in the ground during the drought of 1886. Mrs. Folley tells that she "got crippled feet from wearing shoes made in the old country that got too small before we could replace them."⁵⁹ Drinking slough water was nothing unusual, directly from the slough or that which had been hauled, but Mr. Mohl particularly remembers drinking slough water that had been hauled in a coal oil barrel.⁶⁰ Mrs. Wood reports:

I shall never forget my first experience of hearing frogs singing in the spring. I had no idea they made this noise and when I was passing a slough on a visit to the Burroughs family I heard this peculiar noise—it scared me and I began to run. I did not know from whence came the noise. On telling the Burroughs family about it, they laughed, and said, "The frogs were welcoming you to Canada."⁶¹

Mrs. Rose Peacock, of Cabri, remembers riding home behind faithful horses:

One particular thing about the pioneer days was the way the horses got to know the country. We had one particular team that no matter where you took them or how far from home you took them, over prairie trails or no trails at all, when you wanted to come home, just give them the line and they would take you home, though the night be dark as pitch and stormy, and always by the shortest route. I think those horses must have been equipped with radar!⁶²

And there were those who were thrilled by the beauties of the prairie land—"the little roses that grow in the stubble,"⁶³ "the fascinating immensity and color of the prairies and skies above them."⁶⁴ "The things that stand out most in my memory," says Miss Harriet Stueck, "were the large flocks of birds—they would darken the sun as a cloud, the wild geese covering the ponds so they looked grey at times, and the wild flowers and wild fruit."⁶⁵ Mr. Reidpath, who lived near Little Lake Manitou, recalls also the deep beautiful water and clear shore springs, a canoe on the water, feasts of saskatoons and burning straw piles.

One theme repeated again and again is that of the friendliness and neighborliness that was evident. Over and over again recollections turn back to "the kindly friendliness or helpfulness of everyone to each other, especially in the case of sickness or other adversities and the free social life,"⁶⁶ "the kindly neighborly spirit of the people who were all poor together."⁶⁷ Or, as it was expressed in another way, "Nobody had nothing and we all used it."⁶⁸

It is, in fact, the loss of this early spirit of friendliness and sociability which many of the early settlers today deplore, and which they regard as one of the significant changes which has occurred throughout the years. Some of their comments are as follows: "The changes have not been for the better. The cars have led to going out of the neighborhood for entertainment and companionship

⁵⁹ Mrs. Annetta Folley, Dubuc. 1886.

⁶⁰ Mr. Joseph G. Mohl, Edenwold. 1908.

⁶¹ Mrs. F. W. Wood, Saskatoon. 1910.

⁶² Mrs. Rose A. Peacock, Cabri. 1912.

⁶³ Mr. Alan C. Reidpath, Rexton, N.B. 1910.

⁶⁴ Mr. Henry C. Messum, Lloydminster. 1903.

⁶⁵ Miss Harriet M. Stueck, Abernethy. 1886.

⁶⁶ Mr. Thomas T. Taylor, Hawarden. 1904.

⁶⁷ Mr. James A. Sandilands, Kenaston. 1910.

⁶⁸ Mr. R. E. Ludlow, Assiniboia. 1905.

.... The old friendly spirit of early days has gone."⁶⁹ "There was one thing that was noticeable those days. Everybody was the same. Social life in those days was superior to what it is today . . . The community spirit is gone."⁷⁰ "Most of the people are moving in to the villages to live."⁷¹ "Previous to 1914 people visited a great deal, but with the coming of telephone and auto in 1915 not much visiting is done."⁷²

Others who include the car and the telephone among the significant changes which have occurred in their communities comment on more favourable aspects of their introduction. Mr. Rathwell considers that "probably the telephone contributed more than any other factor to break the isolation of the early days, particularly in the homes and for the women and children."⁷³ Cars, first introduced in some communities as early as 1906 and '07, and in a few cases even earlier, accompanied by improvements in roads, pointed the way to the eventual end of long drives with horses or oxen.

Many mention the railroads as a significant change, and one responsible for the opening up of the west. Electricity, radios, better schools, hospitals, churches and manses, organized sports, skating rinks, higher taxes, beautiful homes, less mixed farming, shift in population from rural to urban and shift in the basic nationality of the farming community are all among the changes which our early settlers have noted. And in the north, Mr. W. A. Malcolm of the Meadow Lake area mentions the effect of the drought years, and consequent migration from southern regions of the province which had so much to do with the opening up of the north.⁷⁴ But echoed again and again as the outstanding change which has occurred in the community is that from oxen to modern power machinery. It is a change which our early settlers have witnessed in its entirety, coming within the personal experience of each one. Those who can remember sowing grain by hand, breaking an acre a day with oxen and walking plow, or the later luxury of horses and riding plow, or marvelling at the great advantage of the seven-foot cut of the new binder over previous more primitive methods, now witness all these operations accomplished by mechanical means with a speed and efficiency undreamed of half a century ago. But in the midst of innovations and our enthusiasm for change and new things, Mr. Ernst Blommaert introduces a bit of homely philosophy. "But a cow is still a cow and we can't live without her," he says, "and she has not changed very much."⁷⁵

Some look back upon their pioneer days as the happiest time of their lives. Others remember it as an unhappy interval of hardship and loneliness. To all, tribute is due. "The courage and ambition that made men and women go out on the prairie and work long hours with oxen and poor type of horses to make their own way of life and to establish homes is now ancient history but is worth remembering . . . The honest way in which nearly everyone took care of their financial obligations and the high moral tone of their daily lives will not be forgotten."⁷⁶

EVELYN EAGER.

⁶⁹ Mrs. Mary J. Brownridge, Vancouver, B.C. 1889.

⁷⁰ Mr. Herbert Pearson, Birsay. 1904.

⁷¹ Mr. R. T. Brackenbury, Cut Knife. 1904.

⁷² Mr. G. F. W. Bruce, Kelliher. 1904.

⁷³ Mr. John G. Rathwell, Moose Jaw. 1887.

⁷⁴ Mr. William A. Malcolm, North Makwa. 1914.

⁷⁵ Mr. Ernest Blommaert, Yorkton. 1911.

⁷⁶ Mr. James A. Sandilands, Kenaston. 1910.

Davin and the Founding of the Leader

A FRAGMENT of the story concerning the decision of Nicholas Flood Davin to move in the early 1880's from Ontario to Regina, where he founded the *Leader*, came to my notice in the summer of 1951 while examining in the Public Archives of Canada evidence about the early House of Commons. Davin, when not in Ottawa, was a frequent correspondent of Sir John A. Macdonald's, and the Macdonald Papers contain a series of letters revelatory of both Davin and his activities. Unfortunately the series is incomplete, for not all the Davin letters are in the Macdonald Papers, and replies from Macdonald to Davin are rarely to be found in the Macdonald Letterbooks. As Davin was a confidant of Sir John's, the chieftain presumably replied to him in personal notes, rather than in official communications of which copies were kept.

Davin's interest in the North-West began several years before his trip in 1882, and his initial interest, contrary to legend, does not seem to have arisen from his having been captivated by the plains. Writing to Macdonald in 1878, the first year in which Davin contested (unsuccessfully) a seat in the Commons, he informed his leader that he was in a tight spot financially, as he was not making much from the *Toronto Mail*. He asked Macdonald: "Either get Mr. Pope to give me a commission to lecture on Canada in the United Kingdom, or else give me some position in the North-West which could enable me to tide over my little financial difficulties, some temporary thing that would put a few hundred dollars in my pocket and enable me to prospect up there."¹ As late as January of 1881, when Davin was busily engaged on behalf of the Conservative cause in Ontario, he tried to persuade Sir John to adopt a scheme which, if it had been successful, might have prevented him from ever coming west at all. He was anxious to get into the House of Commons then, and as the North-West had no representation in parliament, he would almost certainly have sought an Ontario seat, as he had in 1878. "If you think getting me into parliament would be good for the party," he wrote Macdonald, "you have an opportunity now."²

Davin did not enter parliament in the election of 1882, and late in that year he travelled west to Regina. On his way back, he wrote to Macdonald from Winnipeg:

Only fancy what the few people in Regina did when I was up there. Some of the prominent men came round me and asked me to come amongst them and start a paper. I told them I could not afford to start a paltry concern; that if I started a paper it might be small but it would have the latest news and would, I hope, be something of a power. To do this, I added, would certainly entail a loss of \$5,000 before the paper turned the corner. They said: "We'll give you a bonus of \$5,000." I laughed and looked round at the few timber houses and tents. They asked me to meet them at 'The Royal' in the evening and voted me

¹ Davin to Macdonald, Dec. 30, 1878, Public Archives of Canada, Macdonald Papers, Vol. 353. The Public Archives of Canada supplied photostatic copies of most of the letters quoted in this article. These copies have been presented to the Saskatchewan Archives.

² *Ibid.*, January 3, 1881, Vol. 372.

\$5,000, subscribing \$2,700 there and then, and asking me to accept their assurance that the rest would be forthcoming in a few days.³

The problem of financing the proposed paper dominates the next several letters from Davin to Macdonald. A week after his first mention of the paper, he wrote from Regina:

With reference to the paper of which I spoke in a recent letter—The government has a large number of lots here—Why could you not tell Scarth or whoever acts as your agent, to give me a number of lots as a bonus? It is important to the party that each town and city along the way should be well held from the first.

Apart from the political reason my starting a paper here would increase the value of the lots in the town and therefore of the property of the Government. Of course for some time there would be no return. Scarth, at my suggestion, has tendered some help in the way above pointed out, but not enough to secure me against loss—and considerable loss.

My first idea was that persons who owe everything to the Conservative party should take stock in a company. But should this not be practicable, the suggestion made above may be.

I feel quite attracted towards this place. The enthusiasm one feels for this new country is hard to analyze—But it would be a rash thing to start the paper without very substantial guarantee.⁴

W. B. Scarth, to whom Davin referred, was an Ontario businessman who had for years been manager of the Scottish Ontario and Manitoba Land Company, and who had substantial interests in both the Conservative party and western lands. He was later, after he had become the Winnipeg representative of the Canadian North-West Land Company, to sit for Winnipeg in the House of Commons. From him and George Stephen, who was president of the C.P.R. between 1881 and 1888, Davin tried to secure western lots to underwrite his proposed journalistic venture. Back in Ottawa in December of 1882, Davin wrote to Macdonald, whose aid as an intermediary he had apparently invoked:

I can hardly hope you were able to communicate with George Stephen. If you have not, a telegram to New York would catch him on the wing and a monosyllabic telegram from him to Scarth would be understood by the latter and would leave him free to act. I have had a telegram from Scarth saying he wired you. But this newspaper matter is only one of two or three things I should like to have spoken to you about.

I am certain the Government does not realize what a wild young colt the whole North-West is and how soon it will take to plunging unless well bitted and snaffled and curbed. Nor would its plunging be a joke by any means.⁵

After discussing briefly matters connected with the C. P. R. and the site of

³ *Ibid.*, Nov. 15, 1882, Vol. 389.

⁴ *Ibid.*, Nov. 22 (?), 1882, Vol. 389. The date of this letter is obscured by a file clerk's notation, but it clearly follows the preceding one, although in the Macdonald Papers this order is reversed.

⁵ *Ibid.*, Dec. 11, 1882, Vol. 389.

Regina (especially the availability of water), Davin went on to outline a plan for importing citizens—and therefore readers of his paper—to the west:

Would the Government entertain the idea of giving a subsidy to a line of steamers direct from Quebec to Norway and Sweden? And in connexion with this I have in my mind a rough outline of a scheme of Norse emigration on a large scale—and settling the Swedes and Norwegians in townships by themselves . . . It would be a good thing for Canada to have such a line of steamers as I have referred to above.⁶

Davin succeeded in extracting what he regarded as a meagre contribution from Scarth and Stephen, whose stake in the North-West, he felt, was sufficiently great to call for more generosity on their part. He wrote indignantly to Macdonald from Chicago at the end of 1882:

I am about to ask you a little favour. Will you by letter let Scarth know the extent of authority given him by Stephen so that he can *act at once*? What I want to know is this—Are they going to do anything? I will not trouble them again one way or the other. Scarth saw the justice of my suggestion and made one of his own which I embodied in my letter to you. For that matter you can tell me directly (and perhaps you will be good enough in a note to 83 Notre Dame Street West, Winnipeg, Man.) whether Stephen's letter to which you referred in the course of our conversation really does anything. The idea of the town people giving me \$5,000 cash, and persons interested in only a secondary manner in the paper giving me fifteen lots, without any pressure on my part, and the two parties chiefly interested (leaving out the Government which could, of course, do nothing) giving me each 2½ lots and this with much delay and attended with a correspondence long and characterized by great business acumen! If they do nothing (and if they do anything to have it useful it must be done now for after the paper is started I could not accept lots from anyone since they would partake of the character of a bribe) they will have acted with meanness and injustice.⁷

Macdonald suggested that Davin might get other financial backing in Winnipeg from one Shields, presumably the John Shields who built the C.P.R. line from Lake Superior to Winnipeg, who was a well-to-do oil and railway promoter, and a prominent Conservative. But Davin ran into difficulties there too. He told Sir John, in a letter from Winnipeg:

He won't do it unless you tell him straight to do so . . . Now, Sir John, I know you would not like to see me stuck. I have spent all my money, and contrary to all expectations one cannot dispose of a cents' worth of real estate and the banks won't lend a farthing on real estate. I hold some first rate property but for six weeks can do nothing with it. Now I don't think that I ought to be the only politician to plank down the coin in starting a paper to support the Government . . . I don't know whether Scarth will do anything or not, but he ought to.⁸

Davin was still having financial troubles eighteen months later. Sir John A. Macdonald, writing to the Secretary of State, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, about candidates for the post of secretary to a pending Royal Commission on Chinese Immigration, supported Davin's claim in these words:

⁶ *Loc. cit.*

⁷ *Ibid.*, Dec. 28, 1882, Vol. 389.

⁸ *Ibid.*, Jan. 29, 1883, Vol. 390.

Davin has his faults but he has also great merits. He is exceedingly industrious, well read, and can sift and classify evidence. Judge Clark who was our chairman on the I'Col. Railway Commission was well satisfied with him and Sir Charles Tupper told us in Council that his index was a work of genius. His fault is that he occasionally imbibes a little too much but I think you will find him notwithstanding this occasional failing exceedingly useful and he would take much work off your hands.

There was another reason which induced the Council to agree with me as to his selection. He established the *Regina Leader* as a Conservative paper. From the depressed state of things there the paper does not pay and I fear he will be obliged to close it. Now it is of some importance to the government to be able to keep that paper going and Davin's employment will give him some very needful pecuniary assistance.⁹

Davin's fortunes appear to have improved somewhat soon thereafter. By 1887 he was writing to Macdonald on a bold letterhead dominated by the name of his newspaper and a modest claim that it enjoyed "a larger circulation than all the other papers in the North-West put together . . . All advertising accounts are due quarterly *in advance*,"¹⁰ so it may be concluded that his financial problems were not insoluble. The series of letters we have, though incomplete, suggests in broad outline the close connections between the party, the railway, the land, and the party leadership, that existed in Davin's day.

NORMAN WARD.

⁹ Macdonald to Chapleau, July 8, 1884, Macdonald Letterbooks, (PAC), Vol. 22. The report of the Royal Commission is No. 54a, Sessional Papers of Canada, 1885. Davin was the Commission's secretary.

¹⁰ Davin to Macdonald, March 2, 1887, Macdonald Papers, Vol. 439.

Storm Clouds Over Regina

AS you walk out of the front door of the Regina Public Library you can see Victoria Park across the street. Two short blocks away, on your left, stands the ten-storey McCallum-Hill building with its Twelfth Avenue frontage looking over the beautiful trees, lawns, shrubs and flower beds—in the Summer—to the spacious Hotel Saskatchewan facing north on Victoria Avenue (the park's southern boundary line.) Turning south on Lorne Street you will pass the Y.W. C.A., and when you reach the corner of Victoria Avenue, a notice board tells you that the large building on your right is the Knox-Metropolitan United Church. On one of the concrete pillars supporting the edifice there are raised letters to indicate that it was originally called the Metropolitan Methodist Church and that it was destroyed and rebuilt in 1912.

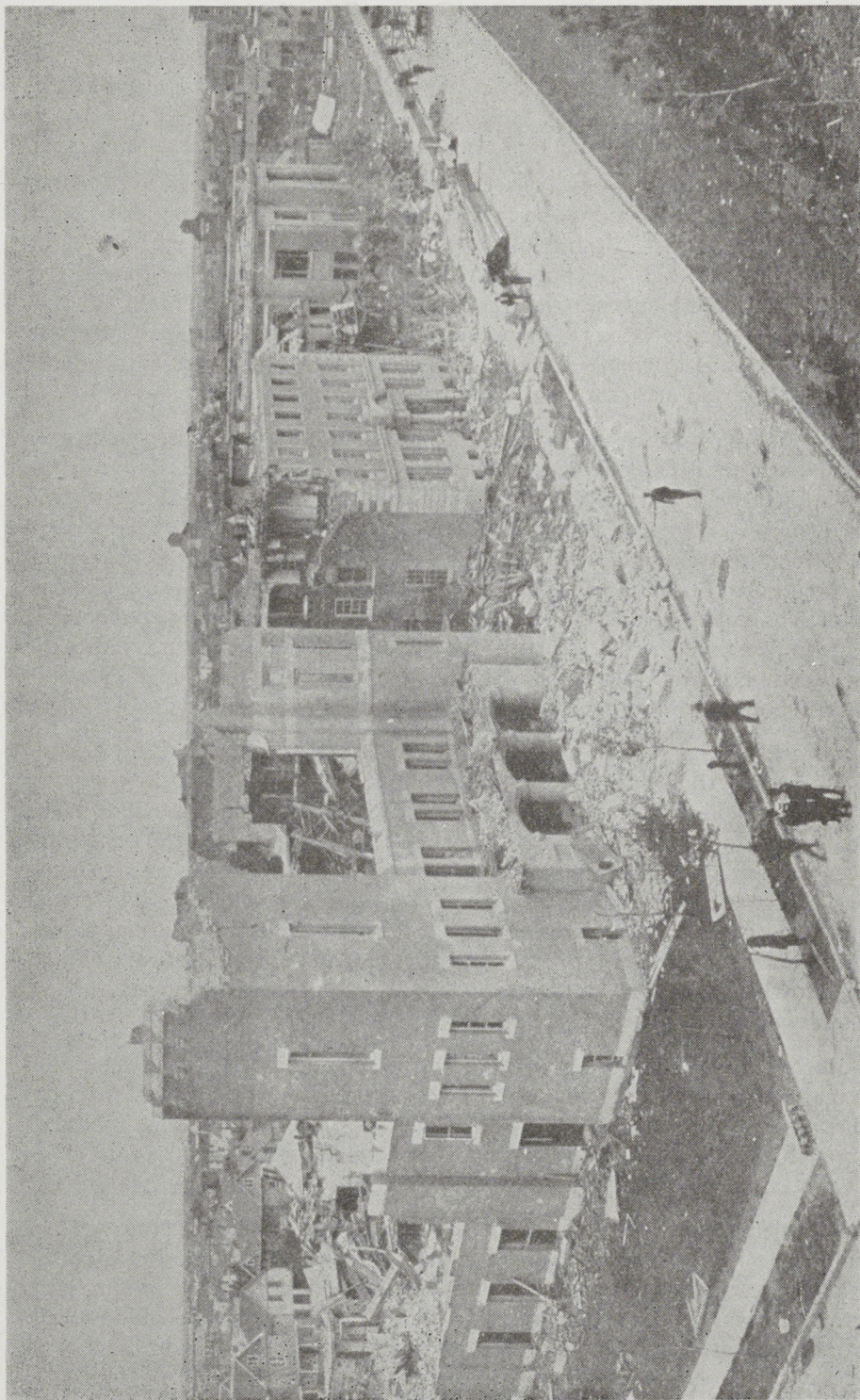
Let us suppose that when you came out of the library you closed your eyes and went back to 1912. You look again: the McCallum-Hill building and the Hotel Saskatchewan are not there. If the Time Machine (or whatever vehicle you used) happened to drop you off in its backward flight at about 4.45 p.m. on this particular thirtieth of June, you will notice a darkening sky in the south as you walk down Lorne Street. The church is still there: at this time of the day the children have gone home from their afternoon Sunday school, but several people are hurrying to take shelter from the threatening storm. A man runs into the empty church building. Don't follow him. Get back into your Time Machine. The destruction of the Methodist Church is due at any moment.

It was around five o'clock on that same day in 1912, that one of my friends was whiling away the warm Sunday afternoon as best he could, in the company of his landlady and others. The Saturday of a week ago—June the 22nd, to be precise—had been a stifling scorcher, and for the past eight days the barometer had been dropping steadily. Conversation was not brilliant, nor even vivacious; the sweltering and stupefying atmosphere was not conducive to intellectual effort of any kind; nobody had even noticed that it was getting unusually dark for a midsummer afternoon until the landlady caught the sound of rainfall and said she must go upstairs to shut the windows. By the time she reached the foot of the stairway, there *was* no upstairs.

In other parts of the city, where there was no missing roof or other suggestion that a major disaster had arrived, the residents were warned by a siren from the City Power House. Those in the path of the storm needed no such warning. Twenty-eight of them lost their lives and several others escaped death by a miracle.

The gentleman who went into the Methodist Church—just before you got back into your Time Machine—walked to the first landing in order to watch the storm from the window, and stood there while everything toppled around him. Apparently he was guided instinctively to the right place as he was able to walk away uninjured after the fury passed.

Another friend of mine, who is still an important and much respected citizen



Looking up the west side of Lorne Street towards Twelfth Avenue. The extent of the damage to the Methodist Church and the Y.M.C.A. is clearly indicated. In the background, at the left of the picture, we see houses on the west side of Smith Street, undamaged; in one of these houses some potted plants, standing on the open veranda were not even blown over, while on the east side of the street, houses were reduced to rubble, one cottage being carried away and never found.

of Regina, had a miraculous escape but didn't get away as easily as did the gentleman in the Methodist Church. From the south window of his room on Smith Street (just behind the Y.W.C.A.) he saw a weird greenish darkness in the direction of the Legislative Building which brought to his mind visions of a thunderstorm of extraordinary magnitude. Then, out of the eerie stillness rose a mighty howling wind and it started to rain. He shut several windows, which might not have been the right thing to do. The sound of the wind became an uproar, lashing the rain into a frenzied fury. He began to see fantastic sights such as flying roofs and fragments of buildings; young trees were bent to the ground and people were being blown around in different directions and, in some cases, finding it impossible to stay on their feet. He saw the young couple, who lived next door, rush into their cottage to escape the rain.

Instead of taking a bath, as he had originally intended, he drew on a pair of trousers and started to go downstairs to visit a friend on the lower floor. When he was about half-way down the stairway there came a terrific and deafening noise. The house had collapsed and he found himself lying flat with a weight on the top of him and something pressing into his ribs, holding him breathless and with the horrible feeling of being in a tight grip and unable to move. There was a strong odour in the air in which the smell of wet plaster and wood predominated. His distress was accentuated by strange and confusing thoughts, one persistent obsession being that he was the only person hurt in the disaster, in spite of the fact that he could hear cries and moans above the sound of the rain. To all this tumult and noise he added his own calls for help and, after what seemed to be an eternity of time, he caught the sounds of hammering and chopping and heard calls of "Heave! Heave!" as the rescue gang tried to move the heavy roof. Somebody called: "Are you there?" and "How are you?" and, before he could give an answer, debris was pulled away and he saw light. Somebody got him by the shoulders and pulled, but his hips remained firmly caught; more rubble had to be removed before he could be hauled out and carried clear.

He was laid down in the street and, after an examination, was taken to the hospital on an ambulance. He listened to the horses' hoofs, splashing through the rain-flooded streets, but wasn't allowed to sit up.

The hospital was a busy scene of confusion. Frantic relatives and friends were trying to identify victims on stretchers and asking questions in anxious and tearful tones. My friend was carried into the superintendent's office where he was put down on the floor, as there was no convenient place available for an examination until a dead body had been removed from a cot. The doctor could find no fracture, or internal injury, but told him to lie still. Later he was helped off the bed and even tried to assist the doctor by holding a lamp while a scalp wound on another victim was examined. His hold was too unsteady, however, and the doctor signalled to a nurse to take the lamp. By this time he was able to move more easily and accompanied one of his friends to a room in the hospital where the gentleman's injured wife was being cared for. In spite of their personal sufferings and losses, which included bereavement, the lady was concerned about the welfare of my friend who was still wearing the dirty pyjama coat and the torn trousers which he had on when he was extracted from the wreckage. These

accentuated the woeful spectacle furnished by his scraped forehead and blood-stained mouth. She asked if he had any money. When he replied in the negative her husband gave him two dollars.

This spirit of benevolence was everywhere in evidence. The citizens gave freely and lavishly in their efforts to take care of the needs of 200 injured and 2,500 homeless and, from outside the city, came doctors and nurses by special train from Moose Jaw, and later, help came from Ottawa through the efforts of the St. John Ambulance Association. From across Canada, from Saint John in the east to Vancouver in the west, cities and business firms made generous contributions to the Relief Fund; substantial aid was also received from the Federal Government, the Saskatchewan Government, and the governments of the other three western provinces. By July 27th the Fund totalled \$214,000.

The first reports were spread abroad by telegraph¹ as the Central Telephone Office was out of commission. At the time the place was hit there were nine girls



On the C.P.R. tracks. Railway cars, grain elevator and machinery tangled up into a huge pile of wreckage. (Mr. E. R. Doxsee in foreground.)

and two men in the building. The roof was torn loose and the south wall gave way. A heavy switchboard fell through the floor and carried three of the girls to the basement where one of the men was trapped. The four climbed through a basement window and went to the office of the *Leader*—one of the local newspapers—where their injuries received attention. The *Leader* sent out a rescue party and others joined the gang which had increased to about two hundred by the time the last girl was taken out.

¹ A telegraph operator in Winnipeg was picking up routine messages. There was a pause; then: CYCLONE STRUCK REGINA 16.50K. CITY IN RUINS.

But everybody didn't escape. The total number killed was reported from time to time and the figure changed when missing persons turned up: the final count seems to have been twenty-eight. This included four people who were in the house under which my friend was buried and the young couple whom he saw running into their cottage to shelter from the rain. The cottage itself disappeared. It had probably been sucked away by the rotating winds, the updraft from which had perhaps reached the velocity of something like 200 miles per hour; no recognizable part of it was ever found.

The storm has been referred to as the Regina Cyclone but it displayed all the features and antics of a tornado. The dark funnel-shaped clouds extending towards the earth; the twisting about; the rise and fall; the tremendous updraft; the direction of travel—all the attributes of a tornado seemed to be in evidence. From the window of his Smith Street residence, my friend had noticed two funnel-shaped clouds—one from the southeast and the other from the southwest—join together as they struck downwards behind the new Legislative Building close to the city's southern boundary. Another report suggests that the trouble started on Wascana Lake situated to the north of the Building, while still another story tells that "a cyclone pillar descended on the city between Lorne and Smith about Sixteenth Avenue." (Sixteenth Avenue—now known as College Avenue—is about a quarter of a mile north of Wascana Lake.)

In a message to the Acting Premier at Ottawa, the Premier of Saskatchewan said that he had no report of any fatalities or extraordinary damage elsewhere than Regina but, it must be evident that, at the time he wrote the letter, he had no knowledge of the fact that two houses had been swept away at a point about eleven miles southwest of Regina and that another one, about three miles south of the city, had also been completely demolished. These varying reports may be regarded as supplementary rather than contradictory; the property damage outside the city was probably the result of heavy windstorms which accompanied the tornado.

Inside the city, the main structure of the Legislative Building was hit and suffered considerable damage. In one of the rooms, being used as a library, manuscript covering Dr. Black's two-volume history of Saskatchewan and the North-West Territories was salvaged from the rain-soaked wreckage and much of it had to be re-written. From the imposing front of the building, which stretches from east to west and is reputed to contain the longest straight corridor in the world, destruction and wreckage marked a path from south to north of the city, the general direction inclining towards the northeast. (The steelwork of a bridge on Albert Street, west of Wascana Lake, was twisted into an unrecognizable mess but, by the time the "twister" reached the downtown area, its path was considerably east of Albert Street.)

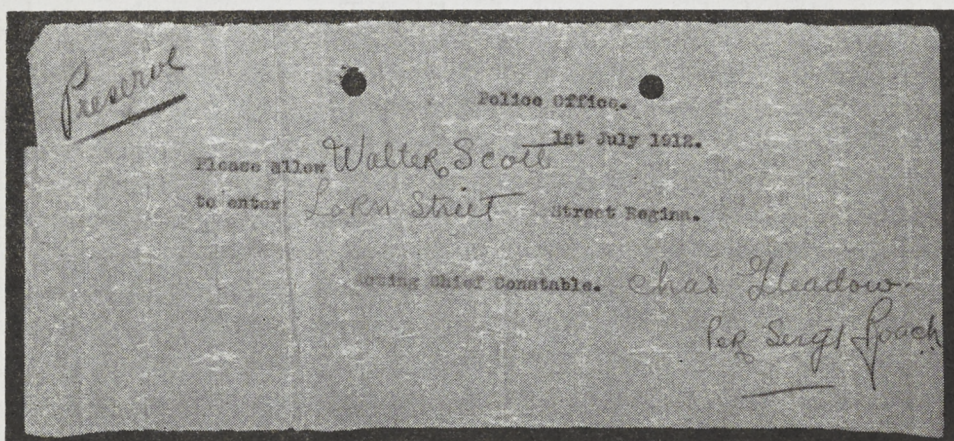
In front of the Legislative Building grounds lies Wascana Lake. There were several people boating on the lake when the ominous black clouds appeared in the south; the oarsmen pulled for the shore when they saw the rain coming, some of them taking refuge in the boathouse which was afterwards wrecked, hurting a number of its occupants. Some of the canoes, launched at the side of the lake,

were hurled into the air. A large section of one of them crashed through a window in the Kerr Block on Scarth Street, in the downtown area, more than half a mile away and broke into pieces against the opposite wall of the room. A boy, who was unable to paddle to the shore in time, was lifted from the water in his canoe and afterwards found in the park, lying on about five feet of canoe bottom and with not much recollection as to how he got there.

On the morning of the fateful day a government engineer had happened to notice that water was flowing over the Albert Street dam. After the tornado had gone by he again took the measure and estimated that two feet of water, representing millions of gallons, had been sucked out of the lake.

After the storm had passed through the downtown area, (where, in addition to many private houses and public buildings, it wrecked three large churches, the Y.W.C.A., the Y.M.C.A., and the Library) it proceeded across the railway tracks where, according to one report, "the C.P.R. yards were swept almost clear." A picture of trains overturned, box cars scattered around, and the wreckage of elevators and sheds thrown in for good measure, may suggest that the word "clear" should be given a liberal interpretation. On the North Side the scene of devastation was worse than ever; street after street, solid with houses, was 'wiped clean' (to quote the words of another report) and big warehouses crumbled.

A noteworthy feature of the disaster was the efficiency and speed with which the different associations worked together. The Special Constables gave valuable and necessary assistance to the City Police and the Mounties; the Militia returned from Sewell Camp to help to guard against looting. Police, hospitals, doctors, nurses and organized relief services worked as a unit to alleviate distress and suffering and bring the community back on the road to prosperity and progress.



Facsimile of pass permitting the Premier of Saskatchewan to enter Lorne Street. From the Walter Scott Papers, Archives of Saskatchewan.

The property loss was variously estimated around five million dollars. This represented a considerable amount for a small community in 1912 when world wars with their accompanying defence expenditures and inflated national debts belonged to an unpredictable future.

By the following morning, July 1, a barricade had been thrown around the devastated area. Those searching among the ruins, after securing the necessary pass, were reminded of the Dominion Day holiday by the presence of rain-soaked flags and bunting among the wreckage. From under the rubble on Smith Street my friend recovered a Bible, a book by Thomas Carlyle, and his pocket book which contained a salary cheque; the cheque enabled him to buy a suit of clothes and return to his office on the following day properly dressed.

In presenting this story forty years after the event, the details of personal tragedies have been omitted—impressions which those who suffered would like to forget. The significance of the episode lies not in the affliction and distress but in the epic effort of the people of Regina, who, tried by disaster and misfortune, gave freely of their strength and resources in the service of their less fortunate fellow-citizens. Quite often the impact of a major disaster, whether by explosion, flood or tempest, is to strengthen the natural bonds of human sympathy and to restore a drooping faith in human nature; in a greater measure than before, each member of the community feels his responsibility as his brother's keeper and becomes willing to sacrifice personal wealth and comfort in a whole-hearted effort to alleviate suffering and distress.

MONTAGU CLEMENTS.



PROCLAMATION

In view of the terrible happenings of today I deem it my duty to declare all Dominion celebrations indefinitely postponed; I also request that all the bars of the city hotels remain closed for the day.

Citizens are hereby notified that the following relief committees have been struck:

North side committees—Rev. Mr. Guy, Alderman Halleran and Mr. Schlster, with offices in the new C.N.R. freight offices, Dewdney street.

South side committee—L. A. Rounding, A. G. McKinnon, D. S. McCannell; offices, Sports Room, City Hall.

Executive Committee—members of the Finance Committee, City Council, Deputy Assistant Provincial Treasurer J. A. Reid, and Mr. W. P. Wells, President, Board of Trade.

Need for assistance or offers of relief should be at once reported to these committees.

[June 30, 1912]

(Signed) P. McARA, Mayor.

—Published in *The Morning Leader*, Monday, July 1, 1912.

TALES OF WESTERN TRAVELLERS

Butler's "Great Lone Land"

"**Y**OU are to ascertain as far as you can in what places and among what tribes of Indians, and what settlements of whites, the small-pox is now prevailing, including the extent of its ravages." These were part of the instructions from Adams G. Archibald, Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, which sent William Francis Butler out of Fort Garry on October 24, 1870. Butler's journey took him across the prairies to the Rockies on a round trip of 2,700 miles. This remarkable journey, some of it during the coldest part of the year, took one hundred and nineteen days—to the 20th of February, 1871.

Lieut. Butler had other orders; he was to take medicine to combat small-pox, distribute instructions for treating the disease to anyone who could read, he was to report on frontier disorders in the Saskatchewan (the name given to the prairie region of Alberta and Saskatchewan) and give his views on the necessity of troops there, the free traders were to be investigated and an estimate made of the types, distribution and numbers of people between the Red River and the Rockies. He had been made a Justice of the Peace for Rupert's Land, a post he compared with "Czar of all the Russias" and was to create two more J.P.'s in the Saskatchewan.

Butler had heard of the terrific cold and knew that only six posts lay between him and the Rockies, but he was not personally acquainted with the prairie winter. He had come from Ireland in April on hearing of the Red River disturbances, hoping to get a commission with the Wolseley Expedition. His prospects in the army were at a standstill because he lacked the funds to purchase the command of a company. He wanted action and adventure and a chance for advancement rather than face the dull routine of barrack life waiting for a lucky promotion.

The Wolseley force hadn't a command left but Butler was given the task of going to the Red River through the United States to watch what the Americans were doing in Minnesota on the force's flank. In this role he preceded Wolseley to the Red River, met Riel, and went back to pick up the expedition at Rainy River and arrange to have it guided to Fort Garry.

After the work of the expedition was completed, Butler was on his way back East when he was offered the prairie commission. He was at loose ends. The French had been defeated at Sedan in the Franco-Prussian war and he thought of volunteering for France. He would have started for the North Pole had the occasion offered, so he grasped at Archibald's proposition.

The objective of the journey was to reach Fort Edmonton and then turn south toward Montana. Butler followed a north-west course across the prairies. He had with him five horses, a Red River cart and a French half-breed guide. For

part of the journey he had the company of a Hudson's Bay Company official with his own cart and horses returning to his post.

The first stop was at Fort Ellis, at the junction of the Assiniboine and Qu'Appelle Rivers. Here he adopted more native gear, discarding his hat and boots for hood and moccasins and adding moose skin "mittaines" to his already Métis-like dress. This was in preparation for the 300-mile stretch to Carlton across the almost treeless plain. At this stage of his journey Butler was making good time, fifty miles a day. The country through which he passed was dotted with many small lakes, with impressive soil that soon would be turned by settlers. The vast open spaces wore a melancholy aspect to Butler, with only the bleached bones of the buffalo to show where they and the Indians had roamed.

Early in November snow came but it did not seriously hamper the travellers, except that badger holes were a hazard to the horses. It was not cold, however, for when the party arrived at the South Saskatchewan on the 7th of November the river was not frozen as they had expected. Ice stretched out from the banks, but a swift current ran down the middle with unsafe ice near the water. While Carlton lay twelve miles away across the river they had only flour, grease and tea on hand after 500 miles of travel. Daniel, the guide, mixed and enjoyed a fried combination of the flour and grease, but Butler recommended it for the guardians of the poor in the United Kingdom. Such a concoction, he felt, would have kept *Oliver Twist* from asking for seconds.

A boat was constructed from the wagon box faced with oil cloth but it leaked when they tried to hack it out to open water. They tried again the following day. Butler made open water but the "boat" filled rapidly—the oilskin had been cut by the ice. On the next try Butler reached the far side but was unable to get a hold on the ice due to the drift of the current and had to be towed in again. Daniel made it to the other side but the towline broke so that he had great difficulty getting back. By this time thin ice had covered the river at one point. One horse was taken across but the second, Butler's own mount, went through and had to be destroyed. Butler and the Hudson's Bay man went on to Carlton leaving Daniel with the wagons and the other horses to wait for stronger ice.

All was gloom at Carlton. Thirty-two out of sixty had died of small-pox, though no cases remained, and the buffalo were "far out" which meant provisions were low. Some medicines were left here but most were frozen and the bottles cracked. Pills were spilled and mixed in hopeless confusion.

With fresh horses from Carlton and two sleds in place of his cart, Butler set out on November 15th for the post at Battle River and Fort Pitt on the North Saskatchewan. On the short trip from Battle River to Pitt, Butler and several travelling companions became lost when a Frenchman in the party took them on a "short cut." Butler thought the guide had veered from west to east but it was quite late when the man admitted he was lost and advised that they camp for the night. No one had bothered to bring provisions on what was expected to be a short journey. Although everyone else was prepared to settle down to a cold and hungry night Butler wasn't; he took a course from the stars and followed by his dismayed companions found Fort Pitt by 10 o'clock. The Fort was

roused and provided the weary travellers, who had ridden for fifteen hours, with a buffalo steak dinner.

Fort Pitt had escaped the small-pox itself but had been sought by hundreds of sick Crees looking for help that couldn't be given. More than a hundred died around the stockade, their bones cleaned by the wolves. The Crees tried to give the disease back to the whites thinking it would then leave them. To no avail they spat on door handles and lay on the floor of the fort. At last they fled.

With warmer weather the sleighs were traded for a cart again at Pitt. As they went on Butler was cheered by the beauty of the country with its spruce and pine trees. As usual on this part of the journey Butler had travelling companions: a Cree, complete with scalping knife, who was ridding himself of a wife by leaving her at Battle River, a half-breed still wearing the clothes he had on when he had small-pox, a small-poxed Cree, another who had murdered a man in the Rockies. After stopping one day at Victoria the journey was resumed for Edmonton, which was reached November 26th.

At Edmonton, the Chief Factor of the Saskatchewan was vested with the authority of a J.P., though Butler realized that the Lord Chief Justice of England and two dozen judges could have done nothing by themselves to enforce order. He heard stories of several grisly murders, the murderers still about the fort, but no one, including Lieut. Butler, J.P., was willing or able to bring justice to bear.

On December 1st Butler set out for Rocky Mountain House, the farthest south-west Hudson's Bay Company post in the Saskatchewan country. He hoped to find someone at the House to guide him through the Blackfoot country to Montana, a task no one at Edmonton would undertake at that time of year. War was still one of the chief occupations of the Indian. In fact, Butler found that due to the lack of buffalo and the overkilling of the fur bearers the Indians were more unruly than formerly. The Blackfeet were at war with all their neighbors, and horse, scalp and wife stealing were the chief sports. To try to cross Blackfeet country with snow on the ground in which tracks would be left was to court the disaster of having one's horses stolen or even losing a scalp.

In Montana Butler wanted to check on American free traders who came into the Saskatchewan and traded with the Indians, often with liquor. The liquor trade had been outlawed by the Canadian Government and had been abandoned by the Hudson's Bay Company for ten years previous to that. There were other free traders; some lived in the territory and traded with the Hudson's Bay Company or Americans, some traded out of Manitoba. Butler felt that the free traders were ruining the Indians since they were interested only in short run profits and would stop at nothing to assure them. While in Montana, too, Butler wanted to check on American treatment of the Indians. He had a low opinion of this treatment and recounted many conversations which supported his theory that they sought to eliminate the Indian. "Kill every buffalo you see," a colonel told him, "it means a dead Indian." He had also heard from the friend of a soldier who had taken part in a sneak raid on a Blackfoot camp: "... go in and clear them out. No darned prisoners . . . no darned squaws or young uns, but

just kill them all, squaws and all; it's them squaws that breeds 'em, and them young uns will only be horse thieves and hair lifters . . ." so the leader was quoted, and 170 Indians were slaughtered. According to a French missionary, who had met the remnants of the band shortly after, the Indians saw little unusual in the attack. It was their type of war and could be met only with more war.

After his first sight of the Rockies and his first real frost of 22° below, Butler reached Rocky Mountain House. Those at the post were surprised to receive a visitor since at that time of year, December 5th, they considered the season closed. The post at this time was mainly a source of boats and coal since the furs of the region were poor. During the previous year the Blackfeet had not come to the fort at all, trading instead with Americans from Benton, Montana. This post was planned to give every known protection against Indians even during trading, since the Blackfeet were not trusted.

It was not possible for Butler to go on to Montana, so on December 12th he turned back East. At Edmonton he abandoned horses and secured three trains of dogs, cariole and baggage sleds. The 1,200 mile trip to the Red River began on December 20th in weather that was getting steadily colder. He decided to go back by a longer route in order to see the territory along the Saskatchewan River to Lake Manitoba, to call at more posts and avoid the long stretches of open, treeless prairie.

Though he admired them as guides, voyageurs and hunters, Butler had little use for most of his dog drivers who were usually brutal in their treatment of their animals. Every kind of dog was used in hauling, though only the magnificent Esquimaux took to it naturally and enjoyed it. All day the dogs pulled with a short stop at noon. To keep them working the drivers beat them unmercifully. Heads became pulp under the whip. Curses in three languages, the most effective one, French, were required for all hauling animals on the prairies. Butler drew the line at the punishment called "sending a dog to Rome." This consisted of hitting a dog over the head with a large stick until it was unconscious. While it was in this condition harness could be arranged. A lax dog would pull frantically at its load to avoid more punishment. One of Butler's dogs had to be abandoned after this treatment because it couldn't run straight. It later caught up, more afraid of starvation than beatings.

Before his trip a Hudson's Bay Company man had advised Butler on winter travel. On this advice Butler had a sleeping bag made out of cabri skin with the fur on the inside and a canvas covering. Into this seven-foot bag Butler climbed at night and pulled the hood over his head. When it was cold in his sack he knew the thermometer was low.

Despite the cold, which was supposed to check the infection, Butler found the small-pox had broken out again at Edmonton, Victoria and Fort Pitt. When he first arrived he had found that one-third of the Indians around Edmonton had died, but the area between Victoria and Pitt had been hardest hit during the year. It was estimated that along the North Saskatchewan river alone, not including the Blackfeet, Blood or Peagin Indians, about 1,200 persons had died.

Where good vaccine had been used early enough among the whites the death rate was low. Some poor vaccine had come in with traders from the States and at places like St. Albert, near Edmonton, it had proved ineffective.

Victoria was suffering, too, from a food shortage. The post's horses had been stolen by Sarsi Indians which made hunting difficult, especially since the buffalo were "far out." In his entire trip Butler saw no buffalo and reported that the animal would soon be near extinction. This, he foresaw, would lead to tremendous problems with the Indians and half-breeds who depended on it.

At Pitt, Butler was somewhat aghast at the eating habits. The daily ration for idle men was ten pounds of beef—all of it eaten. The women got five pounds and every child, even those in arms, received three pounds. The men could do much better while working!

From Fort Pitt, Butler went to Carlton where he spent the coldest night of the year in a room 20° below while outside it was near 50° below. He had to use horses to travel to the Presbyterian mission at Prince Albert where he hoped to pick up more dogs. With some misgiving Butler accepted the added responsibilities of the wife of a Hudson's Bay officer and her eight-months-old baby on their way to Prince Albert. "A baby at any period of a man's life is a serious affair, but a baby below zero is appalling." The sleeping bag was surrendered to the woman and child. On the first night everything went well, but on the second night the baby howled continually. It was 40° below at daybreak. When they reached the mission, sixty miles from Carlton, it was found that the baby's cheeks had been frost-bitten.

On the nineteenth of January, with more dogs, the party reached the forks of the Saskatchewan. Here the land, Butler reported, was wonderfully rich and fertile. He had visions of a region of commerce and civilization with boat traffic on the Saskatchewan rivers going from the Rockies to Quebec. Only one hundred miles of canals would be needed between the Rockies and Rainy Lake, which was within one hundred miles of Lake Superior. "But long before that time the Saskatchewan must have risen to importance from its fertility, its beauty and its mineral wealth."

At Fort-à-la-Corne, twenty miles from the forks, the "Winter Express" was awaited. Butler was keen to learn of events in Europe so he waited two days for the packet. This express left Fort Garry in mid-December to carry mail all the way to forts on the Mackenzie River. The news, when it arrived, was from mid-November—about the siege of Paris—but Butler stayed up all night reading papers.

On the 23rd of January, Butler set out again, with as little baggage as possible, for Cumberland House. For seven days they travelled in weather usually around 40° below. At Cumberland he purchased his first real train of dogs. Two were pure Esquimaux, the other two breeds of Esquimaux and Athabaskan. He paid the highest price for them that had ever been asked in the North, but he wanted to hurry the five hundred miles to Fort Garry to get more news of Europe.

From Cumberland the journey was rapid, with few stops down the Saskatchewan to Cedar Lake, into Winnipegosis, Waterhen River and Lake Manitoba until, by the 19th of February, the last camp was made south of Lake Manitoba. Except for the cold and a little trouble with his guide who tried to desert, the journey was relatively uneventful.

Butler's report formed the basis of Canadian government policy in the North-West Territories. His recommendations influenced the organization of the Mounted Police. The Hudson's Bay Company, he felt, could not as a commercial enterprise, dependent on good relations with its customers, use repressive measures to maintain order. There was need for a police force. The scarcity of buffalo, influx of settlers, news of the Red River rebellion, American Government Indian Policy, free traders with alcohol, and other forces affecting the Indians and the half-breed population alike, would lead to even more need. There was also a possibility of mining activity, which was sure to lead to conflict with the Indians.

Butler felt a force of one hundred to one hundred and fifty men, a third mounted, should be recruited and induced to stay as settlers at the end of their term by grants of land. The military force should build its own posts so as not to seem mere protectors of the Hudson's Bay Company. Butler suggested one at the forks, and a settlement near Edmonton. A third post was needed south of Edmonton at the junction of the Red Deer and Medicine Rivers; this was in Blackfoot country and was on the road to Benton, which threatened to drain the trade from the Saskatchewan as St. Paul had from the Red River.

Along with a military force and an area opened to settlement, the territory needed a Civil Magistrate or Commissioner who would travel in the territory while making his residence there. Butler also felt a general peace treaty between the Crees and Blackfeet should be arranged by the Commissioner with all the pomp and ceremony possible to impress the Indians. This treaty should contain the principle of restitution for wrong done.

With peace among the Indians, a state of law enforced and transportation improved, Butler felt that the region of the Saskatchewan would make wonderful settlement country. He reported to Lt.-Gov. Archibald that much of the region could produce *all* varieties of cereals and roots, and had a soil of unsurpassed fertility.

Lieutenant Butler became the Right Hon. Lieut-General Sir William Francis Butler, A.C.B., and a well-known traveller and author with service in Asia and Africa. His first book, *The Great Lone Land*, on which this report is based, was published in 1872 and went through nineteen editions by 1924. It is a fascinating book, full of deft touches and illuminating sidelights. It shows that Butler was a keen observer, very aware of the multitude of problems in the new territory and a very fortunate choice for so important a report.

McGREGOR HONE.

The Newspaper Scrapbook

PROBABLY the largest importation of stock ever made into Canada at one time and by one company has just been effected. Last Wednesday 18,000 sheep were brought into Maple Creek for shipment from that place. They came from Oregon, through Washington, Idaho, and Montana into Assiniboia. They were brought part of the way by rail (being sixty hours in the cars) and the remainder of the distance they were driven. They are to be shipped to Sir Lister Kaye's various farms, east and west. It is a novel sight and one not often witnessed in Canada, to see tens of thousands of sheep, one might almost say, spread over a quarter of a section of land or huddled together within the compass of from five to ten acres. There are many in all parts of Canada who will watch with interest the result of so great an enterprise. The Kaye company evidently recognizes the adaptability of this country for stock, and more especially for sheep raising.

—*Qu'Appelle Vidette* (Fort Qu'Appelle), September 26, 1889.

THE Governor General, Lord Stanley, accompanied by Lady Stanley, Lady Alice Stanley, Hon. Edward Stanley, H. Kimber, M.P. (Eng.), Hon. Captain and Mrs. Colville, Captain McMahon, Sir James Grant, and Mr. Villiers, the artist, have arrived in Winnipeg, where the citizens are donning their Sunday best and entertaining the party with considerable gusto. Torchlight processions, headed by bands, regatta, state dinner, and a visit to Stonewall penitentiary, when he will receive a salute by Indian prisoners in war paint, etc., are part of the programme. On Friday the company will leave Winnipeg for Saltcoats and proceed to the coast as follows: Portage-la-Prairie on the 29th. Brandon will be reached on the 30th and left on October 1st. On the 2nd, Broadview will be reached; on the 3rd Grenfell; on the 4th Regina, where great preparations for their reception is being made. While there he will fire the first shot of the Assiniboia Provincial Rifle Association, and review the N.W.M.P., of which there will be about four hundred. On the evening of the 5th, a start will be made for Rush Lake, where the party will stay until the 9th; then on to Dunmore for the 10th. On the 11th Lethbridge will be reached, the party branching off the C.P.R. on to the line of the Northwest Coal & Navigation Co. At Lethbridge the mines will be inspected and the Blood Indians visited and the party will then proceed to Fort Macleod, where leaving the train, they will be driven over the ranching country in a four-in-hand, attended by a troop of the mounted police. Four days will be occupied in this drive, and the Cochrane ranch and other ranches, together with the Blackfoot reserve and other reserves at Gleichen will be visited. On the 18th the vice-regal party will reach Calgary. Here the train will be taken, and the party will proceed over Bow River into the Rocky Mountains. Banff will be reached on Saturday, October 19th, and left again on the 21st. Victoria, the end of their westward journey, will be reached on the 30th. A stay will be made there for a few days before the return journey is commenced. Leaving the coast in the first week of November the Governor-General proposes to return to Ottawa about the middle of that month.

—*Qu'Appelle Vidette* (Fort Qu'Appelle), September 26, 1889.

REVIEW ARTICLE

The Journals of Cumberland House

CUMBERLAND HOUSE JOURNALS AND INLAND JOURNAL, 1775-82. FIRST SERIES, 1775-79. Edited by *E. E. Rich*, with an introduction by *Richard Glover*. London: The Hudson's Bay Record Society, 1951. Pp. xciii, 382, app., index.

WIND N.E. a fresh breeze clear Weather. This day I embarked to proceed to York Fort, leaving William Walker in Charge of the House. Three Canoes in Company—Myself, Robert Longmore, Malcolm Ross, and two Indians. We were also accompanied by two more of the Men from the House in a fourth Canoe whom I took to assist in carrying the Furs (16 Bundles) to where some Indians are residing waiting for Us. We put up in the Lake. (p. 69).

So runs the entry by Matthew Cocking in his Cumberland House Journal for July 4, 1776. While Cocking and his party were paddling down the Saskatchewan on their first day's journey to Hudson Bay, another group of men were meeting in Philadelphia to proclaim the Declaration of Independence and to strike the Liberty Bell announcing the birth of a new nation and a drastic change in the shape of King George's Empire.

When Cocking penned the entry quoted above, he was marking the end of the second trading season of the "English" on the Saskatchewan. As the Declaration of Independence shaped the destiny of half the American continent and, ultimately, of the world, so the establishment of Cumberland House by Samuel Hearne in 1774 marked a watershed in the history of the Hudson's Bay Company and helped to shape the destiny of the northwestern part of the American continent.

The story of Cumberland House has a special intimacy for those of us who live in Saskatchewan. This was the first permanent settlement in what is now our province. Other fur traders had established other posts before Cumberland was opened, but the sites of these other posts were abandoned, some of them to be all but lost, others to be re-settled generations later by a new penetration of men looking for food rather than furs. Cumberland House was never closed and never lost its connection with the fur trade. And only now is it coming within the scope of our agricultural settlement. For all these years, Cumberland has lived with furs.

Now we are being given a close-up portrait of Cumberland's early life. The Hudson's Bay Record Society has begun a publication project that will make available in printed form the journals of Cumberland House and Hudson House, its next "English" neighbor upstream on the Saskatchewan, from 1775 to 1782.¹ The first volume brings together the journals from 1775 to 1779—from Matthew

¹ Hearne's Journal for 1874-75 was previously published by the Champlain Society in 1934; J. B. Tyrell (ed.), *The Journals of Samuel Hearne and Philip Turnor*.

Cocking to William Tomison with an additional journal kept by Robert Longmoor covering his inland voyage during the winter of 1778-79. This latter is, of course, essentially a part of the story of Cumberland House for it was in the interest of Cumberland's trade that he spent the winter not far from the present site of Wingard ferry near Prince Albert.

The introduction of the present volume (and to the period of the Cumberland House documents) is written by Richard Glover, M.A., Ph.D., associate professor of history at the University of Manitoba. And an excellent job he has done of it, too. There are points in his analysis that have been challenged by other historians and will be challenged again. But in the ninety odd pages of his introduction he takes a consistent and defensible line in filling in the background of the events that led to the establishment of Cumberland House and in his estimate of the influence it had on the company and the subsequent history of northwestern Canada.

The planting of Cumberland House in 1774, as already noted, marks a turning point in the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. This was the first of its inland posts in the North-West. It was the Company's answer to the aggressive policies of the Montreal fur merchants who had carried their posts up the Saskatchewan as far as Cedar Lake in 1772 and well into the interior. This Cedar Lake post of Thomas Curry's lay across the route western Indians must travel to bring their furs to the Bay. The challenge had to be answered if business was to be maintained. The challenge had to be met if the company was to uphold the title to the inland empire it had received in its Charter from Charles II.

Competition was not a new thing to the Hudson's Bay Company. It had met the competition of French fur traders from 1713 on. But the competition offered by the French from La Vérendrye on was neither consistent nor aggressive. Nevertheless, as the Bay ports began to feel a decline in trade as a result of the French establishments, the Hudson's Bay Company struck back by sending some of its trusted servants inland to winter with the Indians and to persuade them to bring their furs to Bay ports for trade. The first of these was Anthony Henday (Hendry) who came inland with the Indians in 1754 and travelled west with them up the rivers and across the prairies, even to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Another was the celebrated Samuel Hearne, who journeyed with Indians out of Churchill to discover the Coppermine River, to visit Arctic seas and the great fur country of the Athabasca.

These penetrations of the interior by servants of the Bay Company provided the first essential ingredient of success when the time came to change its policy by establishing interior posts. The men who had wintered with the Indians supplied the leadership for the new policy. Thus it was that Hearne was selected to command the expedition to establish Cumberland House. Matthew Cocking who succeeded him and whose journal is the first of those in the new Hudson's Bay Record Society publication was another. Indeed, all the men whose journals make up the volume—Cocking, William Tomison, William Walker, Joseph Hansom and Robert Longmoor—were accustomed to life among the inland Indians before Cumberland was established.

The establishment of Cumberland House not only marked a change in Hudson's Bay Company policy but it marked the beginning of a period in the history of the West generally known as "the struggle between the companies." This struggle continued to 1821 when the Hudson's Bay Company took over the North-West Company of Montreal, lock, stock and barrel. The period was marked by intense trade rivalry between the Montreal men and the "English" from the Bay. Occasionally the rivalry flared into violence. It was accompanied by a wholesale debauchery of the Indians and by trading policies that virtually denuded parts of the country of its most valuable fur-bearing animals. It was accompanied, too, by the steady westward march of the fur posts as each company sought to get up-country of its rivals to meet the Indians before they traded all their furs. This up-country march ultimately occupied the land from Hudson Bay and Lake Superior to the headwaters of the Saskatchewan and the Churchill and on into the Mackenzie River country. As the lines of communication became longer, the rivalry grew in intensity. In the end, it was these extended communication lines that contributed heavily to the collapse of the Montreal company. But that story is well beyond the scope of the Cumberland House Journal.

In the beginning, that is in the years covered by the journals of Cumberland House, transportation was the most stubborn problem the Hudson Bay men had to face. They had no great canoes of their own such as the Montreal traders had inherited from the French. They had no skilled canoe-men to man them, even if they had obtained the boats. The boats the English on the Bay possessed were too heavy and drew too much water for the inland waterways they must navigate to reach the fur country. Hence, the first Bay traders to penetrate the country either as ambassadors of trade, like Henday, or as traders with goods to sell, like Hearne at Cumberland, were obliged to seek passage with friendly Indians. They travelled at the pace and the whim of the Indians. And when they hired Indians, the native had not the least conscience about raiding the stores en route or raising the price of his services in difficult reaches of the rivers. On his return to York after his first winter at Cumberland, Hearne wrote:

To my sartin knowlage some of the Natives who were Empd. to Carrey me and my men inland last year, were payd. more for their Trouble before they left the Fort then the amount of the whole they Carried beside the Brandy &c. Expended on them by the way. (p.lxv)

Moreover, the canoes used by the Indians who frequented the Bay for trade were small and flimsy things compared to the *canot du nord* which the Montreal men employed west of the Grand Portage. The Indian canoes carried two or three men and a cargo of 200 to 350 pounds. The *canot du nord* might carry a crew of four to eight men and from one and one-half to two tons of freight. The Montreal traders had only to pay the price to get all the freight canoes they needed from the French. And they could hire all the canoemen they wanted from among the people of Quebec. As a result the Montreal traders were able to move as an expedition, independent of the whims of the tribesmen and at much less expense.

Much of the early effort of the inland traders at Cumberland was directed into the construction of canoes. Day after day, the entry reveals that a portion

of the men were engaged in making canoes. These were built inland because the material for their construction was not available at the Bay. But even after moderately large canoes were built, the Company had no one to navigate them. The Indians were unaccustomed to the larger craft and it was only as the Company's servants gained experience themselves that they could make full use of the economical transport available to their rivals. Indeed, their handicap was analysed in 1776 when Alexander Henry, a trader from Montreal, visited Cumberland. Cocking reported

That he proposed to Visit England next fall, and if he can get an Opportunity to speak to the Hudson's Bay Gentlemen will make a proposal to them for employing Canadians to be engaged by him for a term of years at Montreal to serve as Bowsmen & Helms-men and building large Canoes. I gave him no encouragement to think his proposals would be received. (p. 37).

Henry went to England as he planned, but there is no record that he made any proposal to the Committee in London.

The transportation problem is illustrated by Cocking's journey to Cumberland. He left York Fort on August 23. He reached the site of Cumberland House on October 4. Cocking estimated the distance at 676 miles. The route included 63 portages. His average progress during the journey works out at 13 miles a day. Cocking left Cumberland July 4, 1776, and arrived at York July 28. He and his party had been gone 11 months and five days. Their trade for the season amounted to 2,901 Made Beaver. It was a prodigious effort for such a return. Yet, it was profitable to the Company. It encouraged the men who planned and executed it to persevere.

The experience of this and other years stimulated the search for answers to the problems that beset the inland trade. In the end, the Hudson's Bay men were able to compete on even, or better terms than their rivals from Montreal. It was out of the hardships of these first winters inland that the Company evolved policies and practices that enabled it to take over its rivals in 1821.

One cannot go through the narratives of these early years without developing a wholesome respect for the courage and good sense of the early traders of Cumberland House. They faced privation, and the hazards of the wilderness, and the enmity of reckless rivals with equal aplomb. The one danger which the Hudson's Bay men had never to face was the enmity of the natives. The long record of friendly commerce between the Company and the Indians, and the confidence and friendships cemented in many years of wandering with the tribes assured experienced servants of the Company a good reception wherever they went. This mutual confidence continued to have a bearing on the history of the North-West long after the Company absorbed its rivals and even after it surrendered its title to the new Dominion of Canada.

Book Reviews

THE CANADIAN GRAIN TRADE, 1931-1951. By D. A. MacGibbon. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1952. Pp. ix, 227. \$4.50.

IT would indeed be interesting if the majority of Saskatchewan farmers, or for that matter if all western farmers, could read this book, and record their impressions in book reviews. It is certain that we would have a great variety of opinions; some would find information they had never heard of through the newspapers, and others would refresh their memories on the details of the grain trade, and fill in many gaps in their knowledge.

Professor MacGibbon tells the story from the viewpoint of one who has helped to direct the grain trade from the upper levels, as he was on the Board of Grain Commissioners for twenty years. As he had written a book on the Canadian grain trade in 1932, the present volume continues the story from that date onwards, with enough reference to the period previous to 1932 to make the arguments coherent. It is amazing how much has happened to the trade in grain in so short a period—from the depression days to the days of semi-prosperity and hope in which we now find ourselves. To Mr. MacGibbon the future is by no means certain however, and he does not seem to be entirely “sold” on the efficacy of the Wheat Board as a permanent body, nor on the open market as a means of marketing, but he seems to incline towards the latter method.

Dealing with the business of marketing Canadian wheat as a national commodity as he does, one wonders whether Mr. MacGibbon realizes the importance of Thatcher wheat in the West, as it is only mentioned in one place—when it was introduced to the millers of the United Kingdom (p. 38). If Thatcher wheat had not saved the day for most western farmers, there might not have been much to sell through the grain trade or the Wheat Board. MacGibbon says that “the breeding of rust and drought-resistant varieties increased the yield per acre” (p. 54), but he does not say that this yield was of a nature to make all the difference between near-ruin and near-prosperity. To one who knows the importance of Thatcher and newer wheats, it seems that MacGibbon is a little too detached in his view of the grain business from the producing end. The “unfavorable weather conditions” he mentions for the period 1933-1937 could be written with one four-lettered word: RUST, with the exception of 1937 when it was varied in some districts by a longer seven-lettered word: DROUGHT.

Professor MacGibbon discusses many matters of intense interest to farmers. He was opposed to parity prices for wheat in 1942; he says that the processing tax for domestic consumption was unsuccessful, he states that the setting up of the Wheat Board in September 1943 meant that the futures had to be closed out, and that this gave a profit to the elevator companies and the farmers; he argues that western farmers lost at least \$330,000,000 in the first two years of the British Wheat Agreement through selling under world prices to Britain. This latter argument is very similar to that which the Grain Exchange has used to convince people of the need for a return to the open market, when it is by no means certain

that Canada would have been able to continue to get as much as the set price for wheat if it had not been for the contract to sell a set amount to Britain. The Wheat Board sold Class II wheat to the world after the British contract was fulfilled, and some of this wheat was sold for as high as \$3.10 in 1947. MacGibbon sounds an ominous note when he states that the "sale of Canadian wheat to the U.K. for four years has not added notably to the reserves of goodwill in the two countries." (p. 161). He states that "the Canadian Wheat Board is essentially a marketing organization super-imposed upon the structure of grain handling developed through many years of growth and experience," and it has made a "heavy increase in the clerical work in the offices of the grain companies" (p. 203). On the whole, one would conclude that Professor MacGibbon does not favour the continuance of the Board.

In some respects one could surmise that several of Mr. MacGibbon's chapters had been written separately and without any intention of putting them together into a book until later. His detailed description of the financial ups and downs of the Pools and the United Grain Growers' elevators would lead one to think that he would also give as much information about the private elevators, but we are disappointed to find very little about these latter companies, and what he tells us is mainly the number of elevators under each company.

The book deals with a number of controversial issues and should be read to round out our knowledge of the workings of the wheat economy, although for an understanding of that subject one must still use Britnell's *Wheat Economy*. The book is of real value in assessing the general grain trade. The methods of distribution of freight cars to local points might have been discussed more thoroughly, and should be brought up to date; but Professor MacGibbon very properly recognizes the difficulty as one of rivalry between the elevator companies.

C. T. HELSTROM.

PRINCE OF THE PLAINS. By Anna MacMillan. Regina and Toronto: School Aids and Text Book Publishing Co., Ltd., 1952. Pp. 204, illus. \$1.35.

HISTORICAL stories with a Saskatchewan setting, particularly juvenile stories, are few and far between. Therefore it was with pleasurable anticipation that I commenced to read *Prince of the Plains*, a story for children centred around Regina's early days.

Saskatchewan's early history is rich and colorful; pioneers, Indians and Mounted Police are always favorite characters with young readers, so the common opinion is that it should be easy to write a good historical tale about them. The author with such an impression is sadly mistaken. As a matter of fact, historical fiction is one of the most difficult types of fiction to write, the reason being that the presentation of a historical fact frequently takes pre-eminence over the development of the story and characters. Unfortunately this is true in *Prince of the Plains*. It is plainly seen that Mrs. MacMillan has gone to great pains to get her historical data correct, but the story quite obviously takes second place and the plot is poorly developed. Actually, I believe that Mrs. MacMillan could

have developed her story more smoothly if she had not tried to cover so much historical ground, and had used some of her material in a second story.

The tale concerns the life of Mr. and Mrs. Currie and their teen-age son, Mort. The Curries came from Ontario in 1882 to make their home on the prairie near Regina. We share their experiences when they build their first sod home, break the soil, harvest their first crop and encounter their first blizzard and prairie fire. Through their eyes, we attend a number of the historic functions of early Regina, including the christening of the town, and its first fair. As the sphere broadens, we are introduced to early Saskatchewan history, in chapters describing the Rebellion of 1885, for the author arranges, rather awkwardly, to have Mr. Currie take part in the Rebellion.

Early in the story we meet Tom, who turns out to be a whiskey smuggler, and a rather unconvincing 'bad man of the West,' who, needless to say, becomes a reformed character before the conclusion of the story. 'Little Bear' is a young Indian, with whom Mort has many adventures, among them the capturing of the beautiful wild horse 'Prince', whose name gives the title to the book. Johnny Stuart, a Mountie, fills Mort with longings to join the Force and, incidentally, gives the author an opportunity to relate the history of the R.C.M.P. Jane is the young daughter of a neighboring settler and is Mort's most constant companion. They share all manner of novel experiences and recreations. The author seems to have difficulty in deciding on the age to give Jane. Sometimes she is mentally and physically Mort's equal, and at other times she is just a "little girl".

The physical appearance of the book is rather disappointing. It is bound with text-book durability and has no dust jacket. For these reasons it will not have a strong trade appeal. The book is pleasingly illustrated with black and white drawings by a Regina artist, Sheena Menzies, a fact which had to be discovered by the reviewer, as the publishers give her work no recognition.

From a literary standpoint this is not a distinguished contribution to children's books. But as a fairly readable and interesting introduction to Saskatchewan history for public school children, I agree with Mr. Lewis Thomas, Provincial Archivist, when he writes in his foreword, "By arousing interest, and at the same time conveying authentic information, the author has helped the cause of western history in the schools."

MURIEL CLANCY.

THE SASKATOON STORY, 1882-1952. By Bruce Peel and Eric Knowles. Published by Melville A. East, Saskatoon, 1952. Pp. 86. Illus. \$2.50.

As its title implies *The Saskatoon Story* is the story of the beginnings and development of Saskatchewan's second city, styled by its founder in 1882, "Saskatoon, Queen of the North."

It is really two stories in one. The first is the tale of John N. Lake and his unsuccessful struggle to establish a colony based on temperance principles. The second is the larger story of the growth of the City of Saskatoon from the Temperance Colony.

The first is the eternal story of the pioneer and the frontier, the never-ending struggle against the hazards of flood, fire and famine, disease and drought, tempest, and even rebellion. Besides the usual frontier battle for adequate transportation and communication John Lake faced the problem of trying to preserve unchallenged the temperance ideal which he had brought his little party into the wilderness to foster. The first was achieved by 1890 with the coming of the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan Railway, but by the end of the century lack of control over the even-numbered sections of land had destroyed all hope of enforcing the temperance pledge.

Between 1900 and 1913 the keynote in Saskatoon was optimism set to a tune sung loudly and profitably by the real-estate business for more than a decade. The boom in land resounds fantastically on the contemporary ear, but it was nonetheless real. There is more related than just land deals, however. Barr Colonists, location of the provincial capital, church and school development, municipal government, trams, bridges, and even shipwrecks play their part in the drama of Saskatoon as unfolded in the second story. The story concludes with a brief chapter dealing with Saskatoon's part in the two World Wars and the period in between, during which the city suddenly stopped developing growing pains and settled down to a period of steady physical and cultural growth.

The first two chapters, dealing with the period 1882-1900 offer the best reading in the story. Perhaps the relative scarcity of source material freed the writers' style, allowed for interesting speculation and easy evaluation of the Temperance Colony and its problems. By contrast, the third chapter, appropriately entitled "Crescendo", is cluttered with innumerable disjointed facts. This may be a deliberate device of the authors to give the illusion of a bustling, hectic boom period. One page, for example, selected at random, treats of the following subject material: a coal famine, automatic telephones, a new traffic bridge, new building construction, the butchers' strike, municipal financing problems, opening of the judicial district, and the wreck of the stern-wheeler "City of Medicine Hat". To this reviewer, the over-all effect of this chapter is to lose sight of the forest for the trees.

The Saskatoon Story is not a good example of local history writing. The authors probably acknowledge its shortcomings as a history in their choice of title. This reviewer was unable to maintain a sustained interest in the story, in spite of his Hub City origins, chiefly for the reasons cited above. One or two minor factors, such as the choice of format, and the use of multiple asterisks for footnote symbols tend also to detract from the general attractiveness of the publication.

The Saskatoon Story, nevertheless, is a permanent, carefully, if not skillfully, prepared contribution to the yet small stack of local histories accumulating in the province. Its production brought together the complementary talents of a newspaper man and a librarian as compilers, with a public-spirited local manufacturer as publisher. As an example of the finest sort of co-operation for the purpose of producing local histories it might well be emulated for similar ends elsewhere in the province.

J. D. HERBERT.

Notes and Correspondence

MRS. S. G. Bright, of Salvador, tells of the experiences of her father, Mr. J. H. Megaffin of Baljennie, in his early days in the west as a member of the North-West Mounted Police, and afterwards when he turned to ranching, and later to farming. As a young man of eighteen he came west, and after working at Portage La Prairie, then in a saw mill at Rat Portage (the present-day Canora), he came to Regina in 1890 and joined the North-West Mounted Police. During seven of his ten years in the Force he was head teamster, and his daughter mentions some of the notables of the day whom he drove, or for whom he helped to form an escort.

. . . He served on Lord Minto's escort, who at that time was the Governor-General of Canada, driving from Duck Lake to Qu'Appelle . . . [when] Lord Minto was touring Western Canada. Constable Megaffin was later presented with a tie pin from Lady Minto. Some years later, Mr. Megaffin attended an ex-policeman's dinner at Edmonton and at this dinner saw a man with a tie pin on like the one Lady Minto had presented [to] him . . . During the course of the evening Mr. Megaffin managed to have a chat with this man and discovered that he had been on the Lord Minto escort the same time as Mr. Megaffin. While in the force he drove the Premier of Canada, Mackenzie Bowell, from Onion Lake, leaving there at 2 a.m., crossing the river at Fort Pitt, camping overnight in Big Gully, a distance of eighty-seven miles from Battleford, and arriving at Battleford the same day. He also drove Mr. Haultain, who was Premier of the North-West Territories, and later Chief Justice of Saskatchewan, from Saskatoon to Battleford.

Another of his experiences while on the Force was assisting in the hunt for Almighty Voice. He was among those who searched in the Eagle Hills for five days, before Almighty Voice was finally caught in a little bluff near Duck Lake.

At the turn of the century Mr. Megaffin turned to ranching at Baljennie, but when the district became more thickly settled, was forced to take up mixed farming. The path of the Barr Colonists led past the Megaffin farm, with as many as 200 teams sometimes passing in a single day. Unaccustomed to western ways, hungry and out of supplies, many stopped, and Mrs. Bright reports that her mother used to bake as many as forty loaves of bread a day.

In the autumn of 1951, North Battleford and Ruddell branches of the I.O.O.F. Lodge held a dinner at North Battleford in honor of Mr. Megaffin, making a presentation in token of his sixty years of membership in that organization.

During the week of September 14-20, 1952, the City of Saskatoon celebrated its seventieth anniversary. Professor G. W. Simpson, Chairman of the Celebration Committee, and all who worked with him, are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts. No attempt will be made here to describe the many and varied activities and displays of the week, which were well attended and enthusiastically received. Mention might be made, however, of two publications connected with the Celebration. The fiftieth anniversary of the *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix* coincided with the city celebration, and resulted in a special anniversary edition of that paper which created widespread interest. Also contributing to the enthusiasm and

interest was the handsome 103-page illustrated *Souvenir Programme*, containing, in addition to the daily programme for the celebration, an account of the growth of the city, by Mr. John Archer, Legislative Librarian and author of *Historic Saskatoon*, and short histories of the various professions of the city. These publications will preserve in permanent form historic accounts of events of early days, and the struggles and achievements of the founders of the city, honoured during the celebration week. The book *The Saskatoon Story, 1882-1952*, which appeared at the time of the celebration, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

Another celebration is on its way. Plans are already going forward for the Golden Jubilee Celebration in 1955 of the establishment of the Province of Saskatchewan. The first appointment was made last November, when Mr. Fred McGuiness, of Winnipeg, became executive director of the Jubilee Committee. We may expect further news of plans for widespread activity throughout the province.

New questionnaires are now available for Saskatchewan pioneers. This time, a group of three questionnaires is being distributed, one dealing with pioneer schools, another with churches in the early days, and the other with pioneer recreation and social life. If you came to Saskatchewan before 1914, write to:

Office of the Saskatchewan Archives,

University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, Sask.

and ask for these questionnaires, which are numbers 3, 4, and 5. If you have not already completed Questionnaire No. 1 on Pioneer Diet, or No. 2, which is a General Questionnaire, ask for these also. The Archives Office has now received 380 completed copies of the General Questionnaire (No. 2), and more are still coming in. These questionnaires are an excellent source of information on pioneer life, and all old-timers of the province are encouraged to add their experiences.

"What is a sustaining subscription?" is a question which our readers sometimes ask. A sustaining subscription is at the rate of \$5.00 a year, and is designed to provide an opportunity for those who wish to show their interest in *Saskatchewan History* by giving financial assistance over and above the regular subscription rate of \$1.00. Publication of the magazine is a non-profit venture and is subsidized by the Saskatchewan Archives Board. For this reason, some readers use this means to give additional support towards its publication.

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